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'Warships'
'Wings for Victory'
'Salute the Soldier'
—and now,
the greatest
of them all—
'Thanksgiving'!

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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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I DREAMT THAT I DWELT

"Gregory, you look pensive and wan."

"*Do I? It must be something I dreamt.*"

"Yes?"

"*I dreamt I attended a pre-war Livery dinner of the Worshipful Company of Maypole Gilders.*"

"I hope you had two goes of the turtle."

"*Two of everything, even the water ice at half-time. And I mean more than the food.*"

"Like that, was it?"

"*It was. Then I dreamt that there wasn't any Rose's Lime Juice to finish up with. Hence my present parlous condition.*"

"My poor Gregory. But never mind. I too had a dream. I dreamt that now the Japanese war is over there will soon be enough Rose's about to cope with a State banquet, with enough over for you and me."

"*Thank you. Thank you. I feel better already. You may be a simple soldier, but you're one of Nature's psychologists.*"

ROSE'S—*There is no substitute*

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Never has good health—of the individual and of the nation—been a more vital necessity than at present. Never have doctors been more ready to admit that the medical discoveries of to-morrow may contradict the accepted beliefs of to-day. Yet one health-truth is unassailable: to withstand the strain of these war years, nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words, they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in their most easily assimilable form. Ask your chemist if he has a tin: supplies are being distributed as fairly as possible.

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WORK WITH FRANCE!

EDWARD HULTON

THIS special number of WORLD REVIEW, devoted wholly to the subject of France, appears at an appropriate moment. In the first place, the new Bevin Régime at the Foreign Office means a new and more friendly approach to the French nation and to the other countries of our proper zone of Western Europe. Also at the end of this month the French electors will go to the polls. This number may also perhaps be said to mark the final end of the war; and it is therefore fitting that it should commemorate some of the events which took place across the Channel during the course of the war, the defeat, the horrors of the Nazi occupation, the heroism of the Resistance, and the final Victory. The articles are written by Frenchmen of the first importance, men who are more than qualified to write about these things.

Two latter-day projects for a more or less complete union with France have been mooted. The first was Mr. Churchill's offer of 'Federal Union' during the most perilous days of 1940. The second was a statement by that indefatigable traveller, Professor Laski. Be that as it may, the advent to power of the Labour administration in the United Kingdom makes possible much closer relations with Western Europe as a whole; and perhaps brings nearer the goal of a regular Western European Association. Undoubtedly at the present moment Britain and France find themselves similarly situated. Both have in recent months been neglecting the friend on the doorstep, and have been straining after friendships further afield. France has attempted collaboration with Russia, and more recently with the United States, in neither case with conspicuous success. Britain has had similar experiences. Finally the very abrupt way in which American Lend-Lease was terminated has made Britishers look again to see if there are not, after all, good friends upon their own continent.

The discovery of the atom bomb makes a plan of concerted defence for Western Europe less essential. If men are really to continue to make use of this atrocity, the existence of a wide and wealthy zone, in place of a number of states of small or middling size, becomes more than ever necessary. Moreover, although WORLD REVIEW does not possess a laboratory which can provide an antidote for the atom bomb, it would seem that if the bomb can be repelled by some form of electric current the wider the area round which this current is extended the better for all concerned.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION NEEDED

IT is one of the world's present tragedies that its best and noblest area is still divided into a number of separate states; while the bigness of Russia and the bigness of America are undivided. The arguments for an association, or confederation of Western Europe are overwhelming. Western Europe has, on the whole, the same kind of culture, its historical origins are almost identical, and the advance in culture made in each state is broadly similar. Political reasons are not less important. For Western Europe has travelled furthest along the difficult road of political experience and has adopted fairly uniform political ideas. In all its states there exists a new desire for social reforms; yet in all the wish persists to retain Liberty, and not to forget that the proper study

of man is man, and that the object of all these reforms is an increase in the happiness, and in the dignity, of the individual.

The strategic advantages of association are perhaps the most obvious, but the economic advantages would not be meagre. The Association should therefore possess a single Foreign Office, and a single Defence Force. These are the bare essentials; and to them should be added the greatest possible measure of economic co-operation, with infinitely greater efforts to reach cultural understanding.

NEW APPROACH TO ARAB WORLD

THE new 'Arab Union' could be a most useful ally for the Western Association. Yet infinitely more imagination is still required in the Middle East. All forms of colonial tutelage must go. If France and Britain are to run bases in the Arab lands, they must provide genuinely useful services in return. The full sovereignty of the Arab States must be guaranteed, and there should be no question of economic or financial imperialism in this sphere.

Above all things, the approach of France and Britain to the Arab countries should always be of a joint nature. The necessary bases should be shared if possible by all members of the Western Union. If British soldiers are to be seen in Aleppo, French soldiers must be seen in the streets of Gath and of Askelon, and in Iraq and Egypt. Syria and the Lebanon have recently been the victims of a sharp epidemic of acute tactlessness by both French and British. Yet the British do seem to have lost sight of the fact that the principal objective is close friendship with France and not the reverse, and this applies particularly to the British press. Neither, now that Japan has been defeated, does there remain any excuse for British statements that Syria is on the route to the Far Eastern war, and that Frenchmen are a mere nuisance in the corridor. The policy of General Spears is not possible to understand; it is indeed hard to grasp how it could conceivably have served any British interests, leave alone French.

Frenchmen at the moment find themselves considerably embarrassed in Indo-China, the north of which has been occupied by Chinese troops and the south by the soldiers of Britain; while the movement for Annamite independence seems to have achieved considerable proportions. The British should do all in their power in the Far East to repair the damage done to Anglo-French relations in the Near East.

Now is the time to translate pious aspirations of Anglo-French concord into practical facts. It is farcical how little the ordinary people of the two countries know about each other. French and British civilisations are broadly similar; what is also of value is that they are essentially complementary. It is only the boor who can merely appreciate institutions and customs which are exactly similar to those with which he is familiar. The intellectual precocity and the astonishing artistic virility of the Frenchman should be married to English steadiness of character and success in political and social co-operation. The economics of the two countries are equally complementary, and can be made more so.

France is indispensable to the world. In no country are the ordinary ways of life more pleasant; in no other land is true social freedom more understood, respected and sustained. Again what other country has continued, decade after decade, to pour out such an unending stream of intellectual and artistic genius? Paris remains the centre of the intelligent world; even the French cinema is without a rival. There has been talk of late of a big new tourist industry in Britain. Frankly I do not understand this. For with our present licensing system, and our existing caravanserais, we stand no chance at all. With French help and advice we might make some progress.

GUIDE TO THE ELECTIONS

As for the coming elections in France, the fundamental question is surely, will France get social reforms, with reasonable stability, or will she travel back again to undue control by selfish commercial interests? Or again will she fall a victim to Communism and close collaboration

with Russian totalitarianism? This issue has been obscured by the constitutional problem.

After very prolonged discussions, General de Gaulle has made up his mind that the constitutional question be settled by Referendum, despite the opposition of the Communists. So, on 21 October, in addition to voting for a candidate, the elector will answer two questions: (i) Does he favour a single Constituent Assembly? (ii) Does he favour the Government Bill defining the Assembly's powers in relation to the Executive? General de Gaulle's answer to both is 'Yes'. The second question depends on the answer to the first. If the majority say 'No' to *Number one*, *Number two* will become superfluous. For those elected will automatically become Deputies, and a Senate will be elected within two months. In other words, the Constitution of 1875–1940 will be restored. This might well be the best solution; but only the Radicals and the small Right Wing groups support it.

If the majority say 'Yes' to question *Number two*, the Government's Bill will immediately be put into operation; if 'No' the Assembly will exercise an unlimited power. In point of fact the Government's bill is not unreasonable. De Gaulle's original plan, which denied legislative power to the Constituent Assembly, and would have continued the present unrepresentative arrangement until the new constitution was drafted, has been very much watered down. The new plan, based on proposals made by one of the principal Socialist leaders, M. Vincent Auriol, gives the Assembly legislative power, and establishes ministerial responsibility (though somewhat limited) to Parliament during the seven months during which the new constitution is being drawn up. An answer of 'No' to question *Number one*, leading to a sovereign Constituent Assembly, would probably mean chaos and Communist domination.

The attitude of the parties is now this. The Socialists, the M.R.P. (Christian Democrats) and the U.D.S.R. (Moderate Resistance) support General de Gaulle and will call for an answer of 'Yes' to both questions. The Communists and the Communist-dominated Resistance Group M.U.R. will receive orders to answer 'Yes' to *Number one* but 'No' to *Number two*. The Radicals and the small Right Wing Parties (Louis Marin, etc.) will say 'No' to *Number one* and will be comparatively indifferent to *Number two*, though if anything the former will side with the Communists and say 'No' while the latter will answer in the affirmative.

In this way the Left is well divided on the

The Fourth Republic. A new head by Georges Saupique

constitutional issue proper. However, yet another issue has arisen, an issue on which Radicals, Socialists, and Communists, supported by the C.G.T. (that is the French T.U.C.), find themselves in unanimous opposition to the Government—to wit, the question of the electoral system. The Government has adopted one of the many forms of proportional representation, and one which, it is alleged, is not proportional at all! It seems to favour the rural areas, which are still Conservative. For while it would need 60,000 votes to elect a Deputy in Paris, a mere 27,000 would do in some of the country parts. At the time of writing, it seems likely that General de Gaulle will modify this electoral plan, which threatens to drive the Socialists from his camp. So much for the election.

It remains to be said that Britain, harassed as she is, ought to do her utmost to help France in her present economic adversities. Britain cannot continue to live without a strong France and a united Western Europe. Therefore, let Britons be understanding and staunch friends of the French people, and become at long last Good Europeans!

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Monthly Comments (III)

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

A FORMER Conservative Member of Parliament, and a close friend of the late Prime Minister, is reported to have denounced publicly a few days ago the efforts of certain elements 'to bully or cajole' this country into an alliance with France. The present government of France, he apparently said, was extremely unfriendly to us. Let us wait and see what new régime would emerge. In any case, what need was there for any alliance? It could only have a military purpose; and since Germany was prostrate, it must be directed against Russia.

Here exposed to our gaze is the type of mind which has bred the present chaos in Europe, the type of mind we must overthrow if European culture is not to perish. You only make alliances, it would seem, for purely military purposes, and when danger directly threatens. The moment victory is won, you relapse into selfish isolation, and the Devil take all neighbours. Most important of all, alliances must be made, not between peoples, but between governments. What reasoning could be more pernicious? We have reached a point in history where our technical powers of destruction far outreach our reserves of moral restraint; and where to win a victory you must disrupt the food supplies of the world, ruin the towns of whole continents, massacre millions of non-combatants and condemn millions more to death from cold or disease. As if that degree of chaos were not enough, modern scientific progress has now given us the atomic bomb which can kill 60,000 souls at one blow and induce in the survivors symptoms—hair falling out, bleeding gums, etc.—which seem to suggest the beginnings of cancer.

All semblance of ordered humane society may well disappear unless we act quickly. To fight famine or plague or gangsterism, you combine with your neighbours. But when these troubles make sport of frontiers, threaten a whole continent, there can, it seems, be no thought of international action—least of all with France.

Now, our adoration of the quantitative standard—the surface area of Russia, the industrial output of America, China's 460 million souls—has blinded us to the importance and the vulnerability of Europe. Europe is, of course, the eternal trouble-maker. No world conflict has yet started outside Europe, unless of course you argue the late war began when the Japanese seized Manchuria fourteen years ago. Europe, therefore, to one way of thinking may richly deserve the calamities that have come upon her. America and Russia obviously believe she does and are persuaded they could get on perfectly well even if all of us—British, French, German, Italian—tumbled into poverty-stricken anarchy. But we know, if this happens, civilisation has lost the war much more surely than if Hitler had won.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA UNINTERESTED

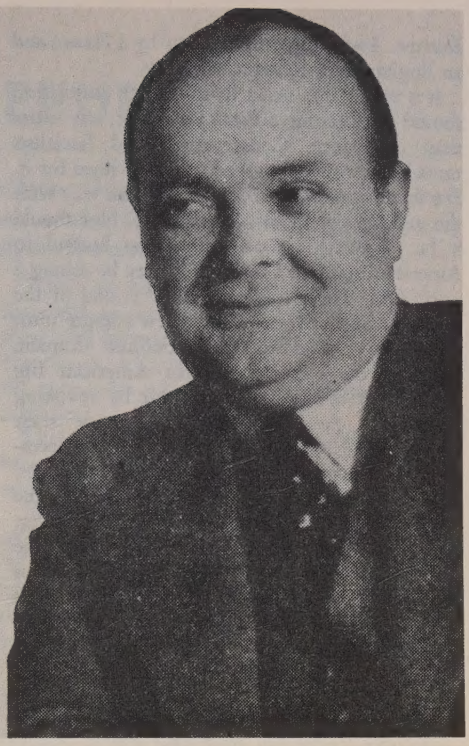
All signs point to America and Russia dissociating themselves from our fate. We cannot blame President Truman for the sudden ending of Lend-Lease. It was one of those brusque gestures which in democracies are so often mistaken for an evidence of strength; and a flattery of a Congress that is far to the right of where Roosevelt stood. Nor can we criticise the Russians for building their Chinese Wall ever higher around them. The Soviet régime is used to isolation, once enforced from without, now enforced from within, and essential if the Russian people are to remain docile. The knowledge that Europe is not normally a heap of rubble and a place of tears might well be dangerous for the unsophisticated peasant of the Black Earth region or the factory worker from the Urals.

Europe then must help herself, and in Europe only two Great Powers—France and England—are capable of coherent action. After the war of 1914–1918 untold misery was caused by Franco-British squabbling, by the entirely opposed policies which Lloyd George and Poincaré pursued throughout the Continent. Now the plight of European society is infinitely more grievous. If Mr. Attlee and the ruler of France—whether he be General de Gaulle or someone else—do not combine to restore order, we will be utterly undone. A typhoon is no moment for wrangles among the ship's crew.

It is, in fact, not against the Russians or any other Power that we advocate the closest possible association with France. It is against famine, cold, disease and anarchy. The only way Western Europe can be saved is by close collaboration between the Western European nations, and that collaboration must repose upon an Anglo-French understanding.

The problem turns upon the paralysis of German economy. The Russians and the Germans have all along been inspired by one thesis—

GEORGES BIDAULT, *Foreign Minister of France. A new man from the Resistance; he is a Christian Democrat, or left-wing Catholic*



PAUL SPAAK, *Foreign Minister o Belgium. He is a Socialist*

apparently impregnable. Modern wars demand a high degree of industrialisation in the combatant nations. De-industrialise, 'pastoralise' Germany, to use the fashionable new word, and you rob her of all power to make war.

A fair enough argument; hence you find the Russians stripping Silesia of all machinery, and the Americans dismantling the Bavarian factories. Unfortunately, however, it ignores the fact that German industry, and particularly the Ruhr coal and steel, has become over the last fifty years almost the corner-stone of European economy. Remove it suddenly, and the whole edifice is likely to collapse. No, it is no good merely telling the French that German industry must be revived. They heard that story last time; despite their warnings, the heavy industries of the Reich were left unfettered; as they revived, so German military power rose up again. But the choice is not merely between German militarism and a poverty-ridden but free Europe. There is a third choice—the exploitation of the Ruhr within a Franco-British or a Franco-British-Belgo-Dutch association.

The French have proposed the 'international-isation' of the Ruhr. If that means the closing down of the mines, then that only means an extension of chaos. By the time this article appears, we should know exactly what signification the phrase does carry. Meanwhile, the only way to induce the French to accept a revival of German industry is for that revival to be directed to our general benefit.

We advocate, then, the immediate negotiation of a Western Pact, to include the Ruhr. Without the Ruhr, the rest of Germany could plot little mischief, though of course we must never dismiss the possibility of some German in Saxony or Upper Franconia ten years hence blowing all Europe and himself to perdition atomically, in a '*Gotterdämmerung*'-like gesture. But to deprive the Reich of the Ruhr is the greatest safeguard we can take, short of exterminating the whole race.

Upon the Ruhr, upon the repairing of the miners' shattered houses, the provision of adequate food for them and their families, the raising of coal production from the present 1½ million tons monthly to eleven millions reposes, it is hardly too much to say, the safety of

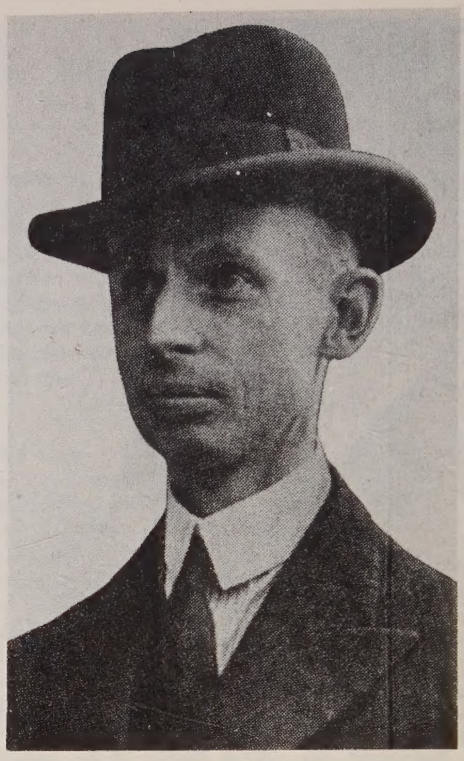
Europe. And it can only be done by a France and an England in the closest harmony.

It is vitally important that a French association should not become a Party issue here, any more than in France. Conservatives and Socialists must be thoroughly agreed upon the need for it. For that reason, it must be tainted in no way with the suspicion of an anti-Russian bias. Nor should it be negotiated in a manner too hurtful to American opinion. I realise this may be asking a great deal. The American public is one of the touchiest in the world. And a new entente must inevitably extend to the economic domain, lessening the opportunities for American Big Business in Western Europe. But by revoking Lend-Lease the Americans have made their choice. We Europeans are faced with the necessity of cutting down our trans-Atlantic purchases. I for one would not feel unduly depressed by the possibility of saving some part of the 86 million dollars we annually pay Hollywood for the privilege of seeing Miss Grable wiggle her hips or hearing Miss Hutton scream; and instead renting more French films, now even more pre-eminent than they were before the war. But in general we should try to seek the blessing of the State Department for the alliance and we should punctiliously inform Moscow of our negotiations.

WHY WAIT?

As for the suggestion that we should wait till we see what kind of a France emerges from her present political labours, that again would be to kill the project in the womb. Just as there are many Englishmen who still mutter about France's abandonment of us five years ago, so factions exist in France who have not been left unaffected by fifty months of vicious German propaganda: factions who suspect our intentions profoundly, who think we want to use France for our own selfish ends. They will be the first to denounce any attempt to negotiate an alliance with one party and not with the whole nation. Naturally we must envisage the possibility of General de Gaulle being replaced by some other figure; just as General de Gaulle last July must have taken into his considerations the chance that Mr. Churchill might be defeated at the polls. But we must never say, 'We won't have truck with this French Government; we will have truck with that one.' Instead, we must get used to the idea of collaborating with France in all circumstances.

These, then, are the *desiderata* for our first step towards a Western league and the salvation of Europe. We must reach a close association with France, on a non-party basis, with no suspicion of an anti-Russian intention and, if possible, with



EELCO VAN KLEFFENS, *Dutch Foreign Minister*

the blessing of the State Department. The first test, the first fruit of our collaboration should be in the Ruhr, which should be permanently amputated from the trunk of the Reich and absorbed into the Western association. Nations who at present are receiving coal deliveries from the Ruhr—France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland—should in their own interests be induced to forego them for the moment. These deliveries should be diverted to factories producing materials for the repair of miners' housing, and mine machinery to replace worn out or destroyed equipment. Above all, we should on no grounds of sentiment, but purely from enlightened self-interest, increase the food rations of the Ruhr. The increase must cover not only mine-workers but also their wives and children. It is useless to give a hewer 3,000 calories and expect him to acquiesce in the slow starvation of his dependants on a mere 1,100 calories. We might even consider bringing down the rations of the armed forces to the civilian level and giving the balance to the Ruhr mining community. It would be a gesture to prove once and for all that democracies can occasionally show statesmanship and foresight.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC

LOUIS NOGUÈRE, *Deputy for the Pyrénées Orientales, Parliamentary Resistance Delegate to the Consultative Assembly, and one of the 80 deputies who voted against Pétain in June 1940. He is a well-known authority on the most recent French history*

ON 28 January 1900, in the Royalist *Gazette de France*, Charles Maurras discussed the best way of overthrowing the Third Republic. He said he thought it would be through the action of 'a general' and added that, for the rest 'all that is needed is a fair wind.'

In July 1940, Charles Maurras, who was to become one of Pétain's closest counsellors, had at his disposal a Marshal and the wind of defeat.

The conditions hoped for in 1900 were there combined. France, betrayed, invaded, bleeding, was crushed. The Republic could be strangled. The method of procedure was not the now classic method of the 18th Brumaire.

Pierre Laval was not Bonaparte—and it was he who was to be the ringleader.

What was he after?

Only those Deputies and Senators who, at a later date, had to find excuses for their repudiation, were able to pretend that he had led them astray.

When, on 3 July 1940, the wireless announced that French Senators and Deputies were summoned to Vichy for 10 July, it also made it clear that the National Assembly was called upon to modify the Constitution.

On Friday 5 July 1940, in a statement to the Deputies, Laval made perfectly plain what the Government, over which Pétain presided, intended to bring about. This is what he said:

'It is not a question of administering some vague remedy, or applying some vague reform, and retaining more or less in its entirety what at present exists. No. We want to destroy the existing state of things completely. Then, once destruction accomplished, we want to create something entirely different from either past or present. There is a choice of two things: either you will agree to what we ask of you, and will fall into line with the German and Italian constitutions, or Hitler will make you do it.'

These words were taken down in writing the instant they were spoken.

Laval repeated them later, on several occasions, in a form less brutal, perhaps, but always equally clear.

As early as 5 July, too, Laval made clear two essential points. He said:

'There are no more Parties, and from now on there will be no room for any Party, or, rather, there will be one single Party, the Party of all Frenchmen, a national Party which will supply the men who will take charge of the nation's activities.'

Then, in reply to a question by M. Georges Monnet, a member of Léon Blum's Cabinet in 1936, he said:

'We have to envisage the possibility of some accident or other taking Marshal Pétain from us. We have considered the matter, and this is what has been arranged. What we ask of you is that, through the National Assembly, Marshal Pétain be invested with full constitutional powers. The day after these powers shall have thus been granted him, the Marshal will proceed not by laws or decrees, but by "acts". According to a first act, he will take upon himself all the rights now exercised by the President of the Republic, Parliament, the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. Then, by a second act, he will designate the person who, should he himself be prevented from exercising his power, shall act in his place.'

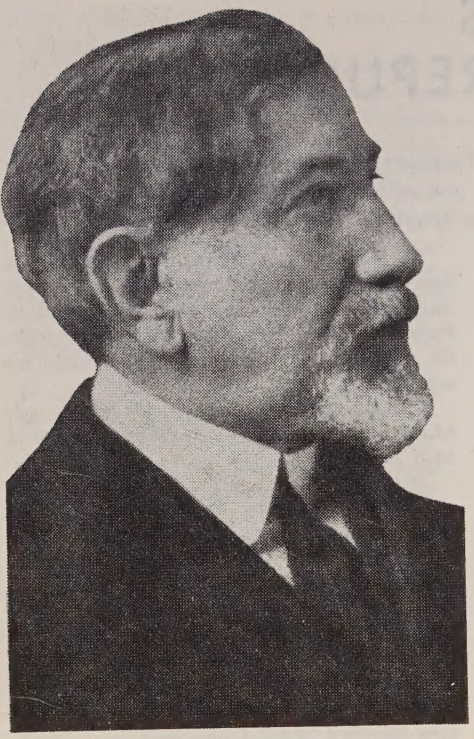
The whole substance of Fascism is in those passages from a speech which, we repeat, was taken down verbatim.

After that, had there been any doubt as to the fate of the republican régime, the text of the project presented by the Government would have been sufficient to dispel it. Here it is:

'The National Assembly grants full powers to the Government of the Republic, under the authority and signature of Marshal Pétain, to promulgate, by one, or by several acts, a new Constitution of the French State. This Constitution must guarantee the rights of Labour, Family and Fatherland. It shall be ratified by the Assemblies which it has itself established.'

And so one started from the Republic and ended up at the 'French State', placing in the hands of one man, without any kind of check, the job of disposing of France.

Laval was suppressing the Republic but, although he was crushing the parliamentary régime which was denounced as being solely responsible for the country's misfortunes, he



In the first year of the Twentieth Century, CHARLES MAURRAS *discussed the overthrow of the Third Republic. Afterwards became a close counsellor o Pétain*

intended that it should be the instrument of suppression.

Coup d'état? Certainly, but camouflaged by a *coup* of procedure. What was Parliament's reaction to Laval hiding behind the decorations and prestige of the Marshal?

At first a few, and later crowds of Senators and Deputies turned up on Sunday, 7 July. Authorised by the occupying Power, they reached Vichy feeling out of their element, worn out by the tiring journey, many of them exasperated, but most of them bewildered by the defeat, completely ignorant of the situation, an easy prey for Laval's henchmen who fell upon them and demonstrated how the Marshal was going to save the situation. The timid were given a glimpse of the twofold threat of German armour drawn up a few kilometres away, and Weygand's troops planted in Vichy itself. The ambitious were offered Embassies, prefectures, missions. One and all were guaranteed the continuation of parliamentary emolument and privileges.

It was in the Senate that the 'National Revolution' propagandists met with the keenest opposition. The veterans of the Republic realised the mortal danger which was threatening liberties acquired at such great cost. Their 'Ex-Servicemen's' Group had drawn up a counter-proposal which suspended the 1875 Constitution until peace should be signed, granted Marshal Pétain the power to govern by decree and made him responsible for the preparation of a new constitution, aided by competent parliamentary committees. It was clearly stated that this Constitution should be submitted to the Nation as soon as circumstances permitted. In spite of the efforts of M. Léon Bérard who presided at these meetings of the Senate and supported Laval, the majority in the Upper House was in favour of the counter-proposal.

The Deputies, whose meetings were held at the Petit Casino, were, on the whole, more accessible to the manœuvres of men like Bergery, Spinasse, Tixier-Vignancourt, Montigny, Scapini and Vallat. A few, however, had the initiative to table a motion, drawn up by M. Vincent Badie, Deputy for the Hérault, announcing their refusal to pass 'a scheme which would lead, inevitably, to the disappearance of the republican régime.'

It looked, for a time, as if the Deputies were going to organise some really substantial resistance. It originated, surprisingly enough, in the entourage of M. P. E. Flandin, ex-Prime Minister, who came straight to Vichy from the Yonne and, on the afternoon of 7 July, gave a stirring account of the events he had witnessed in that part of the country. The Germans, while distributing food among the hungry and depressed, were also doing their best to 'Nazify' them. There was a better job to do, he said, than changing the Constitution. Parliament had got to save the country and set it on its feet again. Did Parliament intend to fall in behind Marshal Pétain? It was the simplest thing in the world: all they had to do was to obtain the resignation of M. Lebrun and then the National Assembly would elect the Marshal President of the Republic. The 1875 Constitution would remain in force—the Republic would continue. . . .

On the spot a delegation was appointed to ask M. Lebrun to resign. It was not to succeed in its mission and . . . on the morning of 10 July, at a plenary session of both Chambers, M. P. E. Flandin gave Laval his unreserved—and eloquent—support. It was at this same session, called by Laval, that Laval was to exhibit his powers as a parliamentary trickster.

So far he had refused to give way on any point of his original text. To disarm the Senate, he announced that the new Constitution promulgated by Marshal Pétain would be 'ratified by

the Nation and applied by the Assemblies it had established.' Immediately there was an outburst of exuberant enthusiasm among the partisans of the scheme: there was nothing to prevent its being accepted. Of course Laval was unable to state precisely the date or the terms of this 'ratification'. But what did that matter? What was needed now was a solid vote which might give the impression that Parliament was legalising the change of régime. As if the Parliament established by the Republican Constitution had the power to suppress that Constitution! To put the finishing touch on his job, Laval read a message from Marshal Pétain laying down that to reject the Government's scheme was to go counter to the national interest. . . .

Already on 9 July, at the session held in the morning by the Chamber of Deputies and in the afternoon by the Senate, to decide on the principle of the constitutional change, both M. Edouard Herriot (President of the Chamber of Deputies), with certain reserves, and M. Jules Jeannency (President of the Senate), in the tones of a solemn entreaty, had given the Pétain-Laval Government their authoritative support.

So no one could be mistaken as to the result of the vote which would follow the debate in the National Assembly.

Debate? Is the term really applicable? It all boiled down to handing over the plan to a committee which was to draw up a report. Meanwhile, the session was suspended and the corridors of the Grand Casino, seat of the National Assembly, were flooded with Laval's canvassers. They swooped on the hesitant ones and badgered them until some important personage—an ex-Minister at least—well aware of what was going on, intervened and so made up the mind of the wavering colleague.

The opponents of Laval's 'dirty trick' were revolted to see bribery and corruption—that canker of the parliamentary régime—being put into practice by the very men who prided themselves on despising parliamentary government. Men like Déat and Marquet were heard shamelessly invoking 'German strength . . . German might . . . German victory.'

This went on for two hours while the Committee, in a room opening off the noisy hall, were drawing up the report which was read, when the session resumed, by the Senator M. Boivin-Champeaux.

A debate should have followed the reading. It was prevented by some amazing barracking on the part of Laval's friends. When M. Vincent Badie got up to propose the republican motion which he was authorised to defend, the tumult

PIERRE LAVAL, *cast as the principal destroyer of the Third Republic. In this picture, he is at the trial of Pétain*

reached such a pitch that the speaker, shouted down by cries of 'Sit down, sit down! . . . No! No! . . . That's enough!', was obliged to leave the tribune without saying a word.

The debate was closed by a show of hands before it had even begun.

Then came the vote. Out of the votes recorded, 649 were for, and 80 against, the scheme.

The Third Republic was overthrown by men who, without exception, in their election speeches, had sworn to defend it.

But no sooner had the Republic fallen, to give way to the dictatorship so eagerly and cleverly sought after by Pétain and Laval, than one voice rang out which History has already noted. Standing straight opposite Laval, who had just thanked the Assembly on behalf of the Marshal, M. Marcel Astier, Senator for the Ardêche, cried: '*Vive la République, quand même!*'

And four days later, on 14 July 1940, turning towards London, French republicans felt the thrill of that great hope: the Fourth Republic!

SOME OF THE COLLABORATORS

COLONEL HENRIOT

Leading member of the Mouvement de Libération Nationale

HITLER, in that book of prophecies which he called *Mein Kampf*, lays down the principles of collaboration. He says, in substance, that the leader of a victorious nation will get very little out of a conquered people if he is not helped by the conquered people itself. But if, on the other hand, he gets the conquered people to carry out his menial tasks, the victorious leader will derive great benefits from his conquests.

Those were the tactics Hitler employed throughout Europe.

When, through the corrosive action of his Fifth Column, Hitler had sufficiently undermined, split up and disintegrated certain vital centres of France, he launched his Wehrmacht against Gamelin's Army, which was crushed, overthrown, or taken prisoner. Then he gave his French agents the job of bringing to submission the people of France. Pétain was placed at the head of a government which was to save the face and obtain the support of the greatest possible number of Frenchmen.

At the same time, Germany asked her few French hirelings, whom she had been preparing and subsidising for this job for a long time, to become the propagandists of National Socialism. They were asked to hand over to the German Army all the wealth of men and material it might need. But, as she had not complete confidence in these men to whom she was granting such exorbitant powers, Germany favoured first some, then others, according to the extent to which these new-rich servants of hers wanted to flaunt their authority. Doriot, and his *P.P.N.*, Darnand and his Militia, Bécard and his Francists, Déat and his *R.N.P.*, were all, in their turn, in favour, then in disgrace, highly paid or cut off with nothing, first protected, then worried by the Gestapo.

* * *

The association of Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval dates from before the war. It was in 1934 that Laval, Alibert and Lémery formed a kind of alliance and decided, in order to reach their ends, to screen their underhand dealings behind Marshal Pétain. Pétain, a brave soldier eaten up by ambition, eager for honours and power, was delighted, when he was sent as ambassador to Spain, to be playing a part in politics.

In June 1940, at Bordeaux, when France fell, Laval succeeded, by intrigue and corruption, in placing Pétain in power. He knew his moment had come. In his Government Alibert was Minister of Justice, Lémery Minister for the Colonies. But Laval was to experience human ingratitude. He noticed how jealously Pétain clung to his power, how unwilling he was to yield the smallest particle. Laval was backed by the Germans. It is well known how, on 13 December 1940, he was sacked by the Marshal, and how Pétain got Frenchmen to believe that he himself stood for resistance to the Germans when he really stood for blind power which lets itself be tricked and pillaged and robbed rather than renounce its semblance of authority.

Laval played the German game. 'I believe in German victory,' he said, 'and I long for German victory.' He did a great deal to help it on, with his mass deportation of French workers and arrests of patriots. In France the name of Laval has become the synonym of treachery.

* * *

Jean François Darlan, Admiral of the Fleet, Commander-in-Chief of French Naval Forces when war broke out, is a striking example of what political ambition can do to a man with no scruples.

When in June 1940, Pétain called upon him to occupy the post of Minister, Secretary of State for the Navy, French people knew very little about him, except that he was the Admiral-politician who owed his rapid advancement to favouritism.

From that moment, he clung doggedly to his power; he clung on to Pétain; he clung to Laval. All possible posts in the Ministries, Prefectures, Police and Embassies he filled with naval officers, his creatures. He schemed to set up a Directory of Four: Pétain, Laval, Darlan, Huntzinger. Then, after the failure of Laval's attempted *coup d'état* of 13 December 1940, he was appointed Pétain's successor. The Admiral's good fortune seemed to have reached its peak. But no! He had higher aspirations. On 13 May 1941 he was received in Berlin by Chancellor Hitler, in the presence of

Ribbentrop. It was probably on that occasion that Hitler revealed to him some of his schemes: to knock out England, then, with the German domination of Europe assured, to unite the French Navy and those of the other countries, and with the resulting European Fleet, to take a shot at America.—'And you, Admiral Darlan, shall be Grand Admiral of the European Fleet!'

Can one wonder then, why, during the Syrian affair in May 1941, he sent General Dentz, High Commissioner in Syria, the following telegram: 'Should German or Italian aircraft fly over the Levant, take no action. If some of these aircraft land on your airfields, receive them and ask for instructions. British aircraft, on the contrary, must be attacked by all possible means.'

By an extraordinary stroke of luck he happened to be in Algeria at the time of the Allied landing. What did he do? At first he hesitated, then, seeing the Allies were there in force, he fell in on the right side. He was an opportunist to the very last, till his death at the hands of a young Frenchman.

* * *

General Dentz, who, the Wilhelmstrasse stated, would not be allowed to be convicted by the High Court of the French Republic without reprisals, is another of the traitor generals.

In 1940 he was a prisoner of war and one of the only French officers to accept his liberation in exchange for a written and signed promise that he would not bear arms against Germany or undertake anything against the German Reich.

In November 1940 he was sent to Syria as High Commissioner. He turned that country into an aircraft-carrier for Germany. He ordered the French troops there to fight against the English and the forces of General de Gaulle who landed on 8 June 1941.

On 26 May he wired to Vichy: 'I think it impossible to allow the Germans to use Beirut, Tripoli and Latakia without risk of serious disturbances. I suggest as an alternative Chekka Bay where there is a wharf for mooring lighters drawing 3.50 metres and which is better for purposes of secrecy.'

M. Fernand de Brinon, who comes of an old Gironde family, could not be said to have changed his opinions about the Germans when they came to occupy France. He had always favoured Franco-German collaboration, but since Germany began to prepare her policy of aggression and revealed her plans for dominating Europe, de Brinon felt he was more Germany's friend than France's. In 1933 when he was invited

MARCEL DÉAT, *a former Socialist, founded the Neo-Socialist movement which openly sided with the Nazis after the Armistice*

to Germany by Ribbentrop, Hitler granted him a sensational interview, the first ever granted to a French journalist. In 1935, he and Scapini (the future 'Prisoners' Ambassador'), founded the *Comité France-Allemagne*, remembered in France as a hotbed of Fifth Columnists.

In January 1938 he was received in Berlin by Hitler and Baldur von Schirach, the German Youth leader, and caused a great stir by the speech on Franco-German relations he made at the German Academy of Law. In 1938 and 1939 it was publicly established in France that he was an agent of Germany. For it was proved at that time he was collaborating in the *Cahiers Franco-Allemands* published at Karlsruhe; that he was the proprietor of the newspaper *Die Burgerzeitung* which was spreading Nazi propaganda in Lorraine; that he was in direct communication with the German Foreign Office instead of communicating through the French Ambassador, and that he did this by agreement with Georges Bonnet. He was also in close touch with Otto Abetz, the German envoy in France. He was nicknamed 'Monsieur von Brinontrop'.

JACQUES DORIOT, *the Communist, at a Popular Front meeting in 1936. He afterwards passed over the thin line into complete Nazism*

Under the Vichy régime, as Delegate-General of the French Government in the occupied territories, de Brinon was solely, constantly and determinedly the defender of German interests on French territory.

* * *

Before the war, M. Abel Bonnard was received in the most friendly fashion at the British Embassy. That did not prevent him from falling in with pro-Germans immediately the Germans entered Paris. He worked in close contact with Abetz and published in the pro-Hitler papers, *La Gerbe* and *Je Suis Partout*, a number of articles which might easily have been written by the German propaganda service. He showed boundless enthusiasm for the Nazi régime and started violent campaigns against England and America. So, of course, he was nominated by the German Embassy as Minister of Education in the Laval Cabinet of April 1942. He began by encouraging and fostering pro-German tendencies in education. He even started in the various educational institutions a system of reporting and denunciation intended to show which teachers and pupils manifested over-patriotic tendencies. He encouraged propaganda for the Legion of French Volunteers against Bolshevism and, when students enlisted in it, he made it easier for them to pass their examinations and even went so far as to grant them free matriculation (*baccalaureat*) certificates.

His Ministry was responsible for the organisation of the Youth Labour Camps (*Chantiers de Jeunesse*) which, when mass-deportation of French workers to Germany began, were intended to supply a large quota of workers for German factories. But, thanks to the activities of the Maquis, the plan was prevented in part from being carried out, and a good number of these Youth Camps passed directly from the authority of Vichy into the hands of the F.F.I.

At the time of the Allied landings in Normandy, in June 1944, M. Bonnard sent round to all teachers a very peculiar circular, telling them that for the whole of the summer holidays they were to stand-to and consider themselves at the entire disposal of the authorities in order to take part in the fight against the Allies.

M. Bonnard has also to his credit a certain number of thefts—for the benefit of the Germans, needless to say. It was he who ordered the Bibliothèque Nationale to return to Mulhouse a collection of medals which had been deposited there on the outbreak of war. It was he, and his friend, M. Bosquet, Secretary of State for Police, who demanded that certain tapestries, the private property of a French family, should be handed over to Marshal Goering. Goering had had his eye on those tapestries for a long time. The owner, rather than give them to him, made a gift of them to the state. Bonnard then had them declassified as state property, sent for them in a police car and had them taken to Marshal Goering.

The Ghent authorities had deposited for safe keeping in the Museum at Pau a masterpiece of Flemish Renaissance painting: Van Eyck's 'Adoration of the Lamb'. The German Army's service for the protection of the Fine Arts had agreed not to touch it and had undertaken to protect it. It was even forbidden to look at it without written permission. Then one day in the summer of 1942, a certain German Colonel demanded the picture. The Curator of the museum refused to part with it. But the German Colonel rang up Vichy and the Curator received an official telegram ordering him, on behalf of the Ministry of National Education, to hand over the picture to the German Colonel. It was to go into Hitler's private collection.

The French nicknamed Abel Bonnard 'Gestapette', which is not only a diminutive of 'Gestapo', but a discreet allusion to the homosexuality so readily practised and preached by the Minister of Education.[1]

[1] 'Tapette' = 'nancy-boy'

Abel Bonnard was assisted in his work by one Pierre Mouraille who, from the early days of the occupation, ingratiated himself with the future Minister of National Education, and acted as go-between for the Germans with whom he established as many contacts as possible. He thus managed to work himself into a position of some importance. Bonnard made him first *Chef*, then *Directeur de Cabinet*. He had pledged his devotion by denouncing to the German authorities and to M. Laval all teachers who appeared unenthusiastic about collaboration and in that way managed to get the teachers at the French Institutes in Spain and Portugal recalled because they had not shown themselves sufficiently in favour of M. Laval. M. Mouraille also tried to maintain Laval's credit with the Germans by running down Marshal Pétain. He was invited by Ribbentrop to make a tour of Germany. He drew up lists of lukewarm officials for the German Embassy and put so much zeal and enthusiasm into it that even some of the Germans were shocked. For example, in March 1944, when it was known that the Comte Robert de Vogué had been condemned to death, Mouraille started an active propaganda campaign amongst the Germans to prevent them from granting a reprieve.

Benoist-Méchin, before the war, lived by his wits and on the funds brought in by his intimate dealings with certain women—and certain men. The women were sufficiently high placed to give him a certain background, and some of the men were Germans. Having been involved in several cases of fraud, there were many doors which were closed to him. At one time he was given a job by the Hearst Press, but was sacked after three months' probation.

Suddenly, just before war broke out, he was seen living on what was, for him, an unusual scale. He explained it away like this: he was writing a history of the German Army for the German General Staff. His work, which is extremely well documented and, for obvious reasons, is really a hymn of praise to the German Army and the Nazi régime. It was probably to recompense the faithful chronicler that, on 12 August 1941, Admiral Darlan made him Secretary of State to the Vice-Premier.

* * *

Laval kept him as Secretary of State for Franco-German Relations in his Ministry in April 1942, for he was a valued friend of the German General Staff, the S.S. and the Party.

On several occasions Benoist-Méchin tried to seize power for himself but Laval kept a weather-eye open. Benoist-Méchin also tried, on behalf of the S.S., to win over certain sections of the country's youth. Like most of the Germans' toadies, he kept a team of men who would turn their hand to anything. He paid Dominique Montmarchal, a writer, 50,000 francs a month to recruit them. Montmarchal was in close touch with another collaborator, Pelorson, Secretary of State for Youth. The Germans were particularly keen on getting a hold on the youth of France. They had set up an organisation under the Gestapo to keep a close watch on all youth movements and organisations, while one of the functions of their official French progagandists was to impart the Nazi ideal to the young. This was the sort of work at which men like Benoist-Méchin and Darnand tried their hand.

* * *

Darnand who, before the war, launched into a series of occult Fascist organisations, is the brawling type, a born ringleader. The defeat of France made his dream come true.

He began by forming, at Nice, the *Légion des Combattants Français*, which became the instrument of propaganda, intimidation and denunciation, of the Vichy Government. Members of the Legion reported to the police all Gaullist, pro-Allied and anti-Vichy talk they heard in the streets or elsewhere. They also worked out a system of blackmail on shopkeepers. When Legion enthusiasm was considered to be waning, Darnand set up, at Vichy, the *S.O.L.* (*Service d'Ordre de la Légion*), which was to be a kind of police force acting inside the Legion itself as well as the nucleus of a French Nazi movement. The Legion faded out, through lack of interest on the part of the masses it was intended to rally, but Darnand retained the idea and the *S.O.L.* men and started the Militia.

In France for many years to come the word Militia will stir the memory of the reign of terror instituted by Darnand's men. More active even than the Germans in tracking down members of the Resistance Movement, deporting Jews, massacring, and torturing, the Militia reached the point of boasting about the instruments of refined torture it had invented. The Militia was small in numbers; a score or two of its men in a town were enough to perpetrate the most heinous and abominable crimes. Powerless to attack the Maquis alone, they called to their aid the German Waffen S.S. It was the Militia who murdered the seventy-year-old Victor Basch, Professor at the Sorbonne; Maurice Sarraut, the well-known journalist; Gorsse, Dean of the Faculty of Science at Grenoble University; and the ex-Minister Mandel.

Darnand, appointed by Vichy to the post of Secretary-General for the Maintenance of Order, could not get sufficient volunteers for his Militia —though they were both well paid and well fed at a time when everything was scarce, and they were allowed to pillage as they pleased—so he used to blackmail men into joining his gangs. He wanted the Militia to replace the French Police, and when he failed to bring this about, he used to denounce to the Gestapo patriotic members of the police who granted protection to the Resistance Movement. Whenever one Militia man was shot down by a member of the resistance, Darnand had two hostages—persons imprisoned by the Germans—publicly executed.

Darnand, Waffen S.S. officer, took his oath of fidelity to the German Führer.

* * *

Marcel Bucard is another of the ringleaders. Before the war he had been convicted four times, for assault and battery, attempted embezzlement and attempted rape. He, too, was homosexual. The following story used to be passed round among the supporters of his Francist movement: Bucard had got a young member of the Francist movement liberated from Germany. The young man called to thank him, and Bucard shut himself up in his office with him. After a time the young Francist burst out of the office, saying that the Chief was disgusting and that he was resigning from the movement.

In 1935 Bucard, the founder and director of Francism, was the French delegate at the Nazi Rally at Nuremberg.

When the Germans came to France, Bucard reconstituted his party which the Government had dissolved before the war, and presented it as the French expression of international Nazism. He togged up boys in blue shirts and 'led' them into 'battle'. The 'battle' consisted of marching through the streets of Paris, cheering their leader at meetings at which spotlight effects alternated with organised applause, declaring war on 'terrorists' (that is what they called French patriots) and making fruitful raids on apartments.

In July 1944 the police, on arresting a band of looters, discovered they were really blue-shirts, led by their Führer Bucard, who owed his release from prison to the friendly intervention of Abetz, the German Ambassador.

* * *

Jacques Doriot, former Communist leader, expelled from the Party in 1934, dismissed from his post as Mayor of St. Denis in 1937 for trafficking in contracts, had founded, in 1936, the *Parti Populaire Français,* a Fascist movement the members of which were recruited from the very dregs of the population.

As soon as the Germans marched in, he placed himself at their disposal. He was amply subsidised, launched frenzied press appeals for collaboration and recruited his henchmen among ex-convicts and pimps. From 1940 onwards he organised armed groups in the southern zone of France whose task it was to hunt down Jews, Patriots, Communists and Freemasons, denounce them and, if need be, put them out of the way. In the northern zone he copied the old Communist tactics of forming cells and tried to work his agents into the youth organisations.

When the Germans began to run short of manpower, they asked Doriot to form regiments to fight on the Russian front. So he started the Legion of French Volunteers against Bolshevism and sent it off to Russia. Doriot himself meanwhile went back and fore between the Russian front, where he denounced to the Germans the men of the *L.V.F.* who were said to lack conviction, Berlin, whither he went for orders—and funds, and Paris, where he organised the denunciation and murder of patriots.

The *P.P.F.* gangs—made up largely of pimps from Marseilles and North Africa, were noted for their brutality. For example: in November 1943, Dr. Valois, physician at the Clinique des Alpes, at Grenoble, was arrested by the *P.P.F.* (the Gestapo had granted the *P.P.F.* power of arrest), accused of having prevented young men from going to work in Germany, and tortured. They put out his eyes, cut off his ears and pulled out his teeth. They broke his limbs in several places, so that what was left of his body was reduced in size by about a third. Dr. Valois died after two days of torture. That is only one example out of a thousand one could quote of the savagery of Doriot's men.

In 1943 Doriot received the Iron Cross from Hitler in person.

* * *

Such were some of the men who, with their armed bands, tried to deliver our country into the enemy's hands.

But French resistance did not let them have their way. It took up arms to drive out the invader, and its appeal was answered by 500,000 volunteers; it prevented French trains from running for the Germans and sabotaged over 3,000 kilometres of railway track. And when the British and American Armies landed on French soil, a whole people arose to wipe out the traitors and drive out the Nazi invader.

(1) FALL
The Nazi Army marches by

B

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Looking out on Paris of the 'New Order'

It is full of signs of Nazi 'culture'

France is a prison house. A Frenchman looks through the barbed wire into Switzerland. Will freedom live again for him, or for his child?

HOW THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT GREW

SECRETS NOW REVEALED

GUILLAIN DE BÉNOUVILLE

One of the leaders of the Maquis in south-west France

WHEN I try to define 'resistance', I am often reminded of Michelet's remark:

'The defensive does not suit France. France is not a buckler, but a living sword directing itself straight at the throat of the enemy.'

Resistance can be said to have sprung up on the very soil of France in June 1940 and, although they were unaware of it at the time, the destinies of the people who were going to turn it into an instrument of victory were bound together as they picked themselves up after their downfall and made instinctively for the enemy's throat.

Here, their eyes brimming with tears, but fighting in a fury of atonement; there, fleeing from burning towns along roads swept by machine-gun fire, or trudging already along the road to exile, hemmed in on all sides, attacked and overwhelmed by numbers and machinery, Frenchmen, wherever they were, made up their minds that an immortal soul cannot be conquered or held captive simply because a body falls to the ground or is thrust into a prison cell.

Already resistance was beginning to take shape. Simultaneously thousands of men, who had never even seen each other before, took the step that saved them from moral extinction and already in that hour of despair, France was saved, and they knew it. Everywhere, even on the very brink of the grave, they showed that France cannot die. . . . They might have been listening across the centuries to the words of St. Paul: 'Put on the armour of Light.'

But *La Patrie* is not an abstraction, but a reality kept alive in human hearts. That is why they responded to its appeal and, as conditions were altered, set about inventing new ways of carrying on the fight for liberation.

* * *

My excuse for that introduction is that it places the Resistance Movement and its struggle on their proper plane—the plane of battles engaged by the spirit, for the spirit.

Already in July 1940, while the first French prisoners were being locked up in German Stalags and the first men to escape from France were rallying round the standard of General de Gaulle, resistance was being born in several towns in France. It was not until January 1942 that it had any regular contact with the Fighting French, but it came into being spontaneously, as the echo, in France, of the voice of General de Gaulle, without orders, without any clearly defined mission.

To tell the story of the United Resistance Movements is really to tell the story of them all. That is what I am going to try to do by describing the *Combat* Movement.

In July 1940, Henri Frénay, a young infantry captain who had escaped from German hands, was posted to Marseilles. There, as he had decided on resistance, he had first of all to recruit the men who could best help him. At the Cercle Militaire he got in touch with Maurice Chevance, another officer on armistice leave. He also renewed contact with a very old friend, Mme Berty Albrecht, who had settled near the line of demarcation which now cut France in two. At Vichy he came across one of his contemporaries at the Ecole de Guerre, Major Robert Guédon, who was spending a few days in Vichy, and who had already begun to build up a network of information channels in Normandy.

After some hesitation, Frénay decided to break with the army, as he suddenly realised he was in the same position as a priest who has lost faith in his Church. His chiefs had no desire to part with him, and made him various tempting offers of jobs, but he turned them down, realising they would only mean 'a change of parish', and settled in Lyons.

Every week, with information supplied by ex-colleagues in the Deuxième Bureau, he produced a short, typed news bulletin for the centres started by Chevance at Marseilles and by Guédon who had gone back to the northern zone. He communicated with Guédon through 'channels' organised by Mme Albrecht, who found a printer in Lyons who agreed to print the bulletin as a newspaper which they called

Petites Ailes. This paper was circulated in Lyons, Marseilles, and in the northern zone. That is, it was passed round from hand to hand, to any one who cared to take it and circulate it. That is how the first clandestine links were forged and the organisation was gradually built up. Mme Albrecht made the acquaintance of a girl who brought along two officers who had been at the Ecole Polytechnic; one of them introduced his sister; Chevance, through some friends he had made in Marseilles, brought in a young demobilised officer who had had to escape from the northern zone shortly after the Armistice for having knocked out a German. Chevance also made contact with various families, doctors, officers and tradespeople in Marseilles. All agreed with their paper, which told them that a stand had got to be made against Germany. Honour and reason told them the same thing. The Allies would win the war, but, even if they were defeated, the fight must still go on, for to accept defeat would mean consenting to die. And the paper reported the first German extortions, the lies of Nazi propaganda, England's heroic war effort, and pointed out the moral obligation of all Christians worthy of the name to fight against Hitlerism.

The aim of the movement was to form action-cells, but the formation of these cells was subordinated to recruiting and, consequently, to propaganda work. In both zones, the underground paper enlightened the opinion of its readers and created bonds between the people who carried it and distributed it. For security reasons, copies of the paper could be passed only to friends known to be reliable, and they passed it on to some other reliable person. In that way, slowly, distributing links were formed which were gradually built up into action groups under a centre-leader.

In both zones, other parallel movements were being formed. For a certain time General Cochet put out a well-composed, roneo-typed paper, but he made the mistake of signing it and was arrested. Emmanuel d'Astier started a movement he called *La dernière colonne*, originally intended to organise resistance cells among different categories of workers. Actually, he discovered that it was impossible to select recruits in that way, so he carried on in a similar way to Frénay's.

Frénay's movement was called the National Liberation Movement. Its newspaper—which was printed and had a circulation of 25,000 by July 1941, which gives some idea of the extent of the movement, bearing in mind that the paper was circulated from hand to hand—changed its name for security reasons, which turned out to be purely illusory, to *Vérités*.

At that time, no standard method of organisation had yet been adopted. But Frénay quickly tried to organise a 'departmental command' which was eventually to be subordinate to a 'regional command'. The heads of both these grades had, in principle, three assistants, for Action, Propaganda and Information. The whole body of troops was divided into 'sixes' (*sizaines*), 'thirties' (*trentaines*) and 'groups'. The aim of this organisation was para-military action on D-Day. The assistants for Propaganda and Information had no specialised elements allocated to them, but worked with the same troops as those under the departmental and regional commanders.

The resources of the Resistance Movement were still limited to those of its active members. There was still only a very small number of those agents whom we will call 'full-time', and who were eventually to go completely underground and take full charge of the Central organisation. Funds were therefore limited. The various responsible people who worked for the Resistance did it in their free time, after their usual working hours. Their movements were necessarily limited by both time and money factors.

Towards the end of 1941, the Movement entered into relations with General de la Laurencie and through him received some financial backing from the Americans. But relations with the General were soon to be broken: he was arrested by the Vichy police.

As the method of organisation I have roughly sketched began to develop, the Resistance leaders noticed that wherever there were co-existing movements, they overlapped at the base, while at the top they had to share the limited number of men capable of filling officers' posts. To keep the cells separate at the base proved to be quite impossible. The obvious conclusion was that the movements must unite. That was the theory Frénay put up to other Resistance leaders with whom he had made contact through his own men who, in the course of the 'work', came across men belonging to other organisations. Emmanuel d'Astier's group changed its name to *Libération*. In the Limoges and Montpellier district, François de Menthon and P.-H. Teitgen started a movement which, like *Libération*, adopted the name of the paper they published: *Liberté*. In July 1941, at their first meeting in Lyons, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, François de Menthon and Henri Frénay tried to lay the foundations for joint action. In November 1941, they were to meet again at

An Allied mission reaches the Maquis. The 'jeep' was landed in a plane. The girl was one of the bravest members of the fearless patriots

Grenoble to decide on the method of bringing about the fusion of the movements which they had agreed was necessary. Emmanuel d'Astier did not keep the appointment, but Frénay and de Menthon came to terms and the first Directing Board of *Combat* was appointed. It included, in addition to Frénay and de Menthon, Teitgen, Claude Bourdet, Chevance and Coste-Fleuret of the *Liberté* movement. The two papers *Liberté* and *Vérités* amalgamated into a new organ: *Combat*.

Immediately after this meeting, the leaders of the two movements toured the southern zone, to instal a single responsible leader in each department and each of the six regions of the zone. All men and funds were pooled—a considerable improvement.

Frénay, meanwhile, was in constant touch with the northern zone, keeping an eye on the development of that branch of his organisation. He was doing all he could, too, to make contact with London where the French National Committee, over which General de Gaulle presided, was daily looking more and more like a government. All his attempts in this direction failed. The last was made in August 1941. He had a long talk with Jean Moulin, an ex-Prefect who thought he had found a way of getting through to London, with the aid of an American clergyman in Lyons. For several days Frénay and Moulin discussed the possibilities of the underground army which was already in action against the enemy and his collaborators. Jean Moulin left, but it was not known whether he reached London and whether he was able to deliver any messages. By the end of 1941, the Gestapo had managed to worm its way into the Movement and caused some serious gaps in it. Jacques Dhonte, Robert Guédon, Morin, Forestier and Dr. Ingrand only just managed to escape arrest. Only one leader was left to take charge of the northern zone—Jacques Lecomte Boinet, who gradually reorganised what remained of the Movement started by Guédon and called it *Ceux de la Résistance*.

Then, in January 1942, Moulin, afterwards known as Max, was dropped in France by parachute. He informed Frénay, through one of the 'links' at Marseilles, that he was waiting for him there. They met in the kitchen of Marcelle Bidault, the sister of Georges Bidault, recently back from Germany, and now a member of the Governing Board of *Combat*. Max brought back an autographed letter from General de Gaulle, encouraging the Resistance. He also brought back some precise instructions. London asked, particularly for security reasons, for the para-military elements to be clearly separated from those which dealt with propaganda. As the General Staff in London thought that it increased security if there were several underground organisations, it requested that there should be no further amalgamation of movements. Max also brought back funds—250,000 francs, a considerable sum, as the Movement was so poor—a wireless transmitter, a radio technician and a liaison officer.

The first parachute drop after Max's return

was carried out on 23 February 1942. According to a plan which is now known to everyone, the leader in the Department where the first parachutes were to drop picked a favourable spot, lonely, but near enough to friendly houses in which the materials dropped could be hidden.

The lie of the land had been flashed to London by radio, together with one of those nonsensical sentences which were to be so often heard in the B.B.C.'s French transmission at 9.15 p.m. And so it was understood that when a certain message, for example: 'Nebuchadnezzar wants to eat milk chocolate', was heard in the London broadcast, that night British planes would fly over the spot and drop containers.

Through Frénay, Max made contact with the other Resistance Movements. According to the formal instructions received from London, *Combat*, *Libération*, and a new-comer, called *Franc-Tireur*, run by Jean-Pierre Lévy, Petit (*alias* Claudius) and Avinin, were all started up again as separate bodies.

Combat was ordered to keep its 'Action' and 'Policy' branches separate. There were a number of difficulties in the way of this, for all members had actually been enlisted for active service. Besides, the separation of the two branches meant the existence of two parallel sets of officials, and an organisation only really develops and works properly when the spirit of the movement is personified by a single responsible leader.

Early in 1942 the *Combat* leaders decided that the 'Action' branch should include the majority of the elements already organised and officered. Members of the branch might recruit, but only amongst their intimate friends and relatives; they would receive only a limited number of copies of the newspaper. The other branch would be called the *R.O.P.* (Recruitment, Organisation, Propaganda), and the *R.O.P.* cell in each Department must build up as widespread a territorial organisation as possible. Recruiting conditions were considered best when all the inhabitants of the smallest sub-sector were personally known to its local leader.

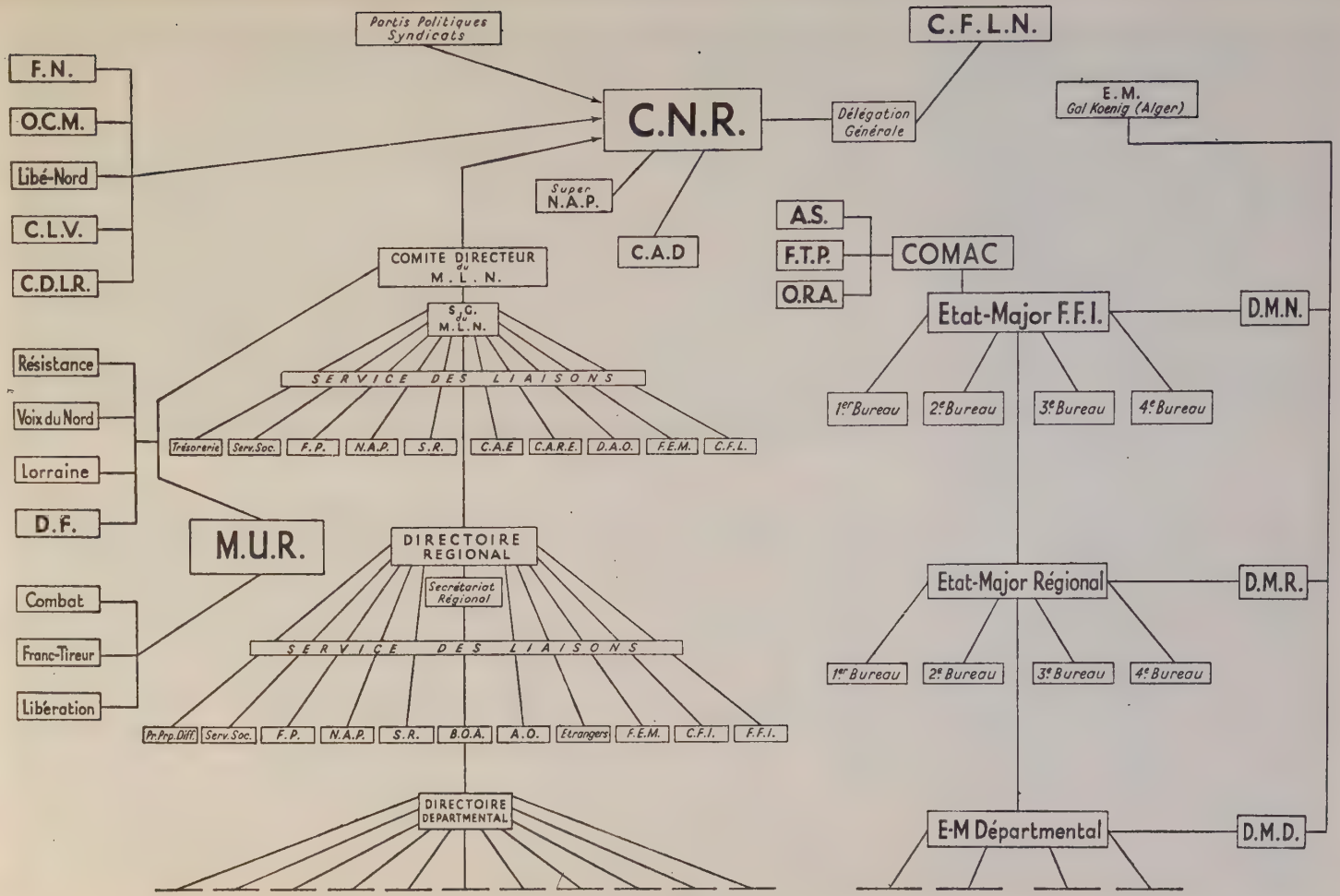
Once it had built up this organisation, the *R.O.P.* recruited and officered 'sixes' and 'thirties' which it then passed on to the 'Action' branch. For the *R.O.P.* itself was to be a sort of D-Day reserve for 'Action'. Still, the double command in both departments and regions complicated matters to such an extent that in July 1942 the *Combat* Directing Board decided to restore the single high command which was to be both regional and departmental. It had direct control over the *R.O.P.* and a large measure of control over the 'Action' forces, as far as appointment of officers and the creation of new cells were concerned. Collaboration between *R.O.P.* and 'Action' was controlled by the Regional leader. The Regional and Departmental leader similarly controlled the activities of the Information Service (*Service de Renseignements* = *S.R.*) and the Free Groups (*Groupes Francs* = *G.P.*) which carried out punitive expeditions and sabotage. He was also directly responsible for the Social Service (*S.S.*) and the Liaison Service (*S.L.*)—a kind of internal post serving the entire movement—and the Financial Service, referred to as 'Plutus'. Each of these Services received, through the Regional leader, the orders of the Directing Board, to which regional leaders reported directly.

The regional and departmental leader often called meetings of the heads of the various Services to make sure that work was really being a joint effort and to prevent abuses from causing activities closely bound together at the base from becoming completely disjointed at the top.

And yet, by September 1942, the idea of amalgamation had made so much progress that Max himself no longer objected to it. Resistance had grown to be a tremendous concern, with permanent collaborators at every stage—cantonal, departmental, regional—to assure its working perfectly. The police, of course, was continually on the *qui vive*, but it was usually possible to head it off, thanks to the Information Service which was really at the same time a sort of counter-espionage Service. If you were ever 'on the spot', another new service restored your 'virginity' by supplying you with a fresh identity! That was the Forged Papers Service (*Service des Faux Papiers* = *F.P.*) which had representatives in all sections of the movement.

As it became more and more obvious that the activities of their members were overlapping, it was decided that *Combat*, *Libération* and *Franc-Tireur* should combine their paramilitary forces under the name of Secret Army (*A.S.*) and create a special branch to deal with the assumption of power, to include all the cells for the public services which, in *Combat* came under the 'Action' branch and in *Libération* were not distinguished from the cells formed by the different trades and professions.

Combat thus started a new section, the *N.A.P.* (*Noyautage de l'Administration Publique*), for the organisation of the public services. *N.A.P.* chiefs were appointed for both Regions and Departments and made responsible for organising the following essential services: police, postal services, railways, electricity and supplies. At all points, the *N.A.P.* was ordered to establish close



Plan of organisation for the Resistance for all France. The C.N.R. was founded early in 1943

liaison with the *A.S.*, to assure the success of insurrection when the time was ripe.

At the same time activities scattered throughout the movements were united into central bodies such as the Information and Propaganda Bureau (*B.I.P.*), run by Bidault, and the General Working Committee (*Comité Général d'Etudes*= *C.G.E.*). The *B.I.P.* acted as information centre for London and the Resistance Press. The *C.G.E.* prepared the measures which were to accompany or immediately follow the assumption of power. *C.G.E.* and *B.I.P.* were both directly attached to Max, who represented the National Committee in France.

In September 1942, when Frénay and Emmanuel d'Astier were in London, the formation of the *A.S.* and the co-ordination of the national services were approved by de Gaulle's General Staff. It was during the absence of Frénay and d'Astier that Laval came to an agreement with Sauckel, the German labour chief, to provide 150,000 skilled workers for Germany.

Immediately, the *Combat* leaders acting for Frénay decided to start Workers' Resistance Bureaux (*Bureaux de Résistance Ouvrière*=*B.R.O.*) to help workers to evade the Labour Service and at the same time to take advantage of the Labour Service as a means of sending saboteurs to Germany. In theory, the *B.R.O.* included representatives of the three movements in the southern zone, plus delegates from the Communist Party and representatives of the French Workers' Movement (*Mouvement Ouvrier Francais*= *M.O.F.*) which grouped together a number of former militant trade unionists belonging to the *C.G.T.* and the Christian Workers' Federation. In practice it soon became clear that the Party and *M.O.F.* representatives were doing neither useful nor reliable work in the *B.R.O.*, so *Combat* set up a fresh body (*Action Ouvrière*=*A.O.*) including regional and departmental delegates and representatives of single factories and groups of factories, the latter being picked men of the *A.S.* or the *R.O.P.* Degliame, alias Dormoy, a militant trade-unionist who had escaped from Germany and joined up again with *Combat* at the end of 1941, was appointed national head of this new organisation.

When, on 11 November 1942, the Germans invaded the southern zone, Resistance was perfectly organised and organically indestructible. Frénay and d'Astier were back from London. A general officer was nominated to command the Secret Army, and appointed, as was the *A.S.* General Staff, by the Directing Board. Radio liaison and parachute services were combined in a single Air and Naval Operations Service (*Service des Opérations Aériennes et Maritimes*= *S.O.A.M.*).

It was now that the advantage of amalgamating the military elements became obvious. It made it possible to re-muster, and enabled, for example, the formation of a new and important national service—the *Service Fer*—which united elements of the Secret Army, the *N.A.P.* (railways section) and the Free Groups for the methodical sabotage of railways in France.

To give some idea of the efficiency of the Resistance in action, it might be worth while to explain the working of the *Service Fer*.

The national organiser was a railway engineer. He had the customary representatives in each region to organise the service locally and had drawn up detailed instructions defining the aims of the service and the methods it would employ.

The Germans used the railways for transporting troops, equipment and everything they requisitioned in France. To dislocate their transport was therefore a task of supreme importance. The Information Service (*S.R.*) supplied details of their requisitioning, and the railway section of the *N.A.P.* provided advance lists of their transport. With explosives dropped by parachute, or, as often happened, manufactured in a workshop improvised in a single night, and by carrying out a programme meticulously prepared by the General Staff of the *Service Fer*, the permanent way was cut at numerous points. The damage was, of course, easily repaired—but it was also perpetually renewed. This work, which had a serious effect on the German war machine, was also an excellent training for the men who were to intervene successfully—according to the now famous *Green Plan*—at the time of the Allied landings, paralysing almost the entire railway network, so that the Germans could use it neither for fighting nor retreating.

The national organiser of the *Service Fer* had two assistants who became famous throughout the Resistance Movement. One of them, Lacombe, alias Bottin, or Melville, was his double; the other, Ledoux, just a conscientious French workman who directed the 'flying squads' for urgent operations and organised well-attended courses in sabotage in all the main railway termini. Carrying explosives in a small attaché case, the quiet, meticulous Ledoux used to travel round from town to town, imparting his deadly knowledge to his pupils.

On one occasion Ledoux was instructed to prevent any train reaching Lyons from the southern zone for twenty-four hours, and so prevent delegates arriving in time for a congress of

British and American supplies arrive for the Maquis

Darnand's Legionaries. Sixty-two cuts were planned and carried out, over a radius of 200 kilometres, and were renewed as often as was necessary. It was a hundred per cent successful. In the absence of the Legionaries only the police who had been mustered to protect them were able to take part in the Congress ceremonies!

The *Service Fer*, too, was able to demonstrate to the Allies that sabotage carried out by specialised teams *was more efficacious than bombing from the air*. A goods train derailed in the bend of a tunnel blocks it for several weeks, as cranes are too tall to be used for clearing the track. The sabotage of a railway engine in the workshop spares the life of the driver. And so deadly raids and the loss of aircraft and pilots were avoided—but the sorely-tried German war machine received its daily beating.

* * *

Frénay had never ceased to argue in favour of complete union, and it was partly through him that the three parties finally did unite. In February 1943, the National Co-ordination Committee of the United Resistance Movements (*M.U.R.*), and all the national services of the three parties amalgamated, under the denominations current in *Combat*. A single chief was appointed for each sub-division of the movement.

The Resistance then made a point of re-establishing contacts with the northern zone where a number of movements—*Ceux de la Résistance*, *Organisation Civile et Militaire* (*O.C.M.*), *Ceux de la Libération*, *Libération-Nord* and *Front National*—were active. These movements, except *Front National*—whose para-military forces called *Francs-Tireurs et Partisans* (*F.T.P.*), were often recruited among former elements of the Communist Party—were more concerned with information and propaganda than direct action. The *M.U.R.* aimed at forming a single movement with the northern zone.

* * *

In March 1943, the call-up for work in German factories through the office for Compulsory Labour Service caused numbers of young men to seek refuge in the country or in mountainous districts. These groups made instant demands upon the Resistance Movement for both help and leaders, especially as many of its members were affected by the call-up and had gone into exile, but remained in contact with their fellow-members. The *M.U.R.* simply had to organise a new national service which it called the *Service National Maquis*.

In May 1943 the first meeting of the National Resistance Council (*C.N.R.*) was held in Paris. The Council was composed of the eight leaders of the Resistance Movements in both zones, six representatives of the political parties, a *C.G.T.* representative and a representative of the Christian Workers' Federation. As the Resistance leaders resented the inclusion of political representatives in the Council, they decided, after the first session, to hold separate meetings and appointed a Central Committee, uniting the Directing Board of the *M.U.R.* and a co-ordinating committee of resistance leaders from the northern zone. The following September, the Central Committee was replaced by a Board of four members appointed by the *C.N.R.*, which became the real commanding body of the Resistance Movement, and from which representatives of political parties were excluded.

The Directing Board of the *M.U.R.* eventually

split up its activities into three branches. The first, Political Action (*A.P.*), was to organise the assumption of power, and included the *N.A.P.*, insurrection troops transferred from the *A.S.* to support the *N.A.P.*, the committees of public safety, regional and local purge commissions and local government bodies. The second, Industrial Action (*Action Ouvrière=A.O.*) covered all forms of industrial sabotage. The third, Military Affairs (*A.M.*), covered (*a*) the *A.S.* command, collaboration between the *A.S.* and the other branches (*b*), the organisation of the Maquis and (*c*) the Free Groups and associated activities.

At that time the underground newspapers in the southern zone—*Combat*, *Libération* and *Franc-Tireur*, each printed between 200,000 and 300,000 copies a month, as well as publishing large numbers of tracts and pamphlets.

The setting-up of the Central Committee and the National Council soon led the Directing Board of the southern zone to arrange to be installed in Paris. This actually took place at the end of 1943. The Board then extended its activities to three movements from the northern zone, cast aside its specifically 'southern' character and eventually became the Directing Board of the National Liberation Movement (*M.L.N.*) which aimed at regrouping all resistance organisations. It was not long before the different activities of both zones overlapped completely and the Resistance Movement was unified both in action and leadership.

The problem of various appointments to various posts, both during and immediately after the insurrection was handled by a *C.N.R.* committee. Other committees dealt with other specific problems such as deportation to Germany, social work, military command, etc. These committees continued to function right up to the liberation.

That, then, is but a rough outline of the development of the Resistance Movement.

So far I have said nothing about the life led by the men who took upon themselves the conduct of this underground war. They had to change their address practically every day. They kept in touch with each other only through liaison agents who did not know the addresses of the persons for whom they were acting and with whom rendezvous were arranged through a complicated system of letter-boxes.

I have said nothing, either, about the arrests made daily by the Gestapo or by the French police which forced resistance agents never to allow themselves to become too settled in any particular town, or even in any particular house. It was a rule never to risk any of our workers, should they be taken by the enemy and unable to stand up to the torture, being put to the pain and the shame of betrayal. We had to keep perpetually on the move. And so for four years we lived in trains, going round, always under different names, visiting our members, carrying instructions to local leaders, organising new sectors. Everyone who joined our ranks ran risks about which no one had any illusions.

To give you some idea of the sort of existence it meant, I am going to recount the last few days of the arduous life of Flight-Lieutenant Claudius Billon, whom the *A. M.* placed in command of our military elements in the Lyons region. Arrested in the street, after a betrayal it was impossible to trace, he managed to escape before he was put to the torture. Recaptured—after a second betrayal—he was taken to the Gestapo headquarters at Vichy, where the chief had the same name as one of the Marshals of the Third Reich. Another of our men, who managed to escape some days later, had just been taken to the same prison. It was he who told us how Billon was taken out of his cell in the mornings and brought back after several hours' questioning. They managed to communicate through the flush pipe in their latrines. When Billon was thrown back into his cell in the evening, he used to describe the torture he had suffered during the day. One night, he confessed he was blind—they had put his eyes out—and whispered that he would not be able to stand it much longer. Early the following morning, our man heard the Germans clatter along the corridor and break into Billon's cell. Through a nick between two boards he saw Billon, stark naked, his face covered with blood, being dragged along the ground by the rope that had strangled him. Had he hanged himself because he could stand torturing no longer? Had he been executed in his cell? We could never find out.

* * *

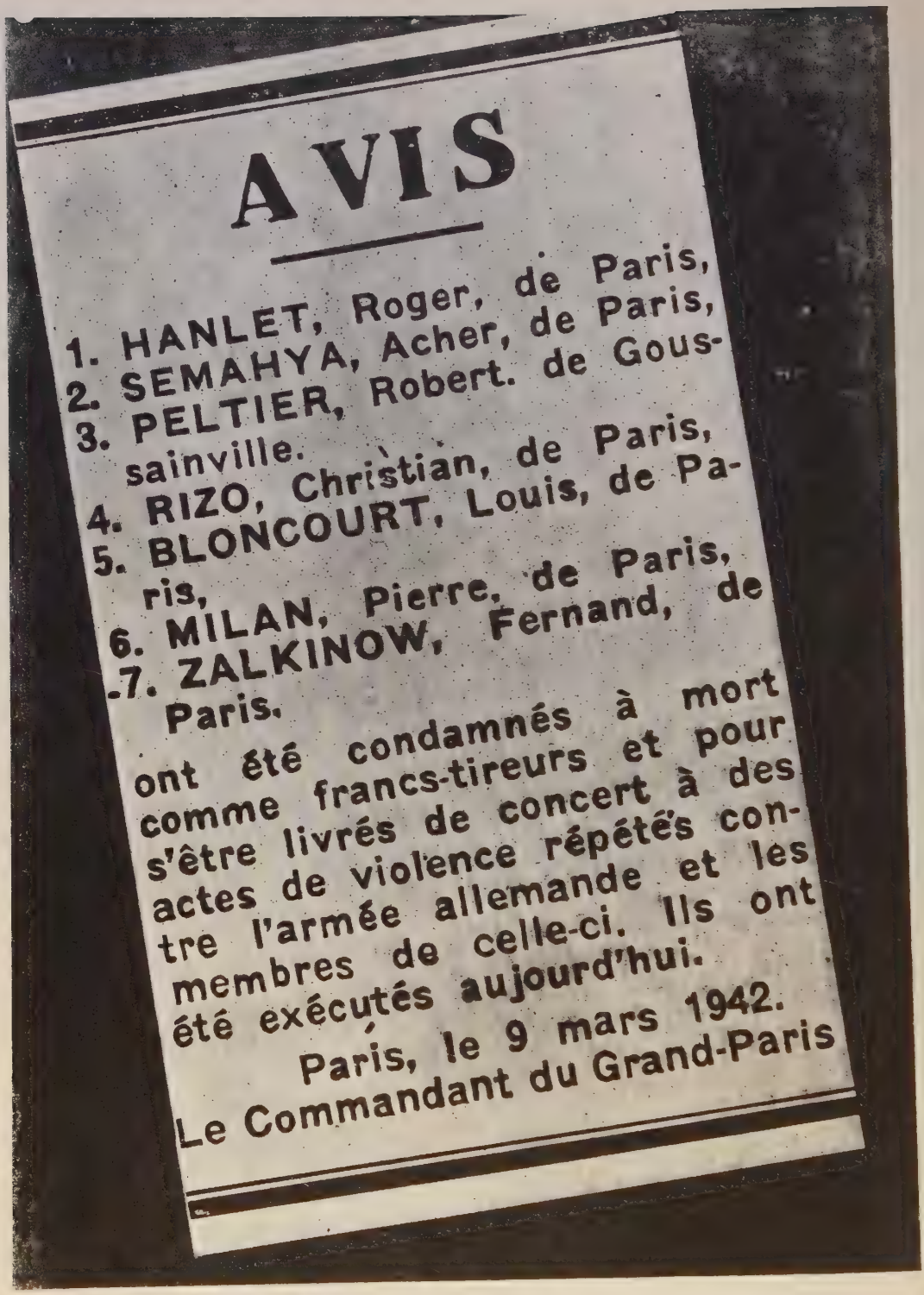
A life dominated by the will to conquer, but undermined by anxiety and haunted by death was the lot of all the workers and fighters in the Resistance Movement, whatever their rank or function. It was also the lot of the liaison officers sent out to us by the General Staff in London and dropped from the skies on nights when the moonlight favoured our activities. How great was the prestige of the men who, before they left England, had discussed our problems with General de Gaulle and brought us orders, directives, messages, advice! For all of us—they who had given up their uniforms to join us, and we who fought without uniform—felt that we were united in our hopes and fighting for undying France!

(11) COLLABORATION

Pétain and Darlan with Goering

Petain shakes hand with Abetz, so-called German Ambassador to France

Meanwhile a Frenchwoman of different calibre prepares to die for France



Notice. The above have been executed this day'

THE FRENCH MIND UNDER THE NAZI OCCUPATION

GEORGES DUHAMEL, *of the Académie Française, one of the most distinguished writers of France, well known as author of the* Pasquier Chronicles

NOBODY would dream of denying that France has taken a prominent part in the development of Western civilisation, a civilisation thus named because it was born to the West of the old world. Nobody would dream of denying also that the intellectual activity of France is a considerable factor in the salvation and future prosperity of that same civilisation. France has just suffered a long and cruel ordeal, and the world ought to know how she has overcome this ordeal.

There are several ways through which intellectual man can spread the treasures of his mind. Books are, amongst all the methods of this distribution, unquestionably the most effective. The life of the intellectual is thus bound up with the making and the circulation of books. So the spiritual and the material are closely interwoven.

I should like to examine in turn the two aspects of this statement so far as France is concerned.

That which confuses the observer when he starts to study the life of French intelligence during the time of German occupation is the dispersal of French people throughout the world. One can distinguish, on the whole, four main groups which had between them only very hazardous and very irregular communications: Metropolitan France, France overseas, that is, the French Colonial Empire; Occupied France and, fourthly, Refugee France.

It is safe enough to say that those members of France who were dispersed from the country will soon be completely reunited with the mother country following the total liberation.

But it is well to remember that all these four sections of France have faithfully fulfilled their national and spiritual functions during the time they were so completely apart.

The whole world knows now that the French prisoners in Germany immediately created for themselves universities; that they organised addresses, conferences, exhibitions. They awarded diplomas and spread the tuition of music. French prisoners have composed works of music; have written scientific theses and first-class literature. A number of these works have already been sent to France. The Académie Française, during the last three years, awarded a large number of prizes to the intellectual prisoners. Other Societies have done the same.

Refugee France—those French people who were exiled—have profited in a great number of cases by that exile and have produced a great number of excellent works of literature pleading the French cause. Publishing houses, created by these refugees, proclaimed the voice of their oppressed country.

Neither did France overseas relax in her intellectual efforts. She published works which we are only now beginning to know. Like a devoted daughter, she did her duty towards her unfortunate mother even though she was far away.

What went on during this time in the France of the French is less known to her foreign friends. It is obvious that German censorship clamped down on all productions which represented freedom of spirit. Well, the French living on their own national soil decided to overcome that ordeal and in a test of endurance persevered in their efforts to perpetuate the expression of the spirit of France in defiance of all the Germans could do.

Universities continued to spread traditional French teaching. They continued research along the lines they had already been working, and published their theses. The scientists in their laboratories lived at their posts in spite of the danger and the difficulties of obtaining necessary apparatus and materials. Scientific societies also held their meetings and published their annual reports. The Académies continued their work and distributed their awards.

But what has done most honour to France is unquestionably her great efforts in continuing literary creation under impossible and dangerous conditions.

Only some of the works written during this period have seen daylight. But of them a number are worthy of French history and even of French legend. Poets have profited by the difficulties of their own situation and have written poems of greater passion and hope than before. Novelists have worked more determinedly because their work had to be kept in the shadow, awaiting better days. Philosophers and historians have

carried on their important work with magnificent serenity.

A number of first-class authors produced their writings through the method of illegal publication. Besides their value as art, these publications had a value which it is difficult to assess because of the heroism and sacrifice of their authors. For instance, the famous *Editions de Minuit* will in future hold a place of honour in any universal library.

And today, a liberated France receives back her refugee sons, who return knowing very well that France must, and shall, retake her place in the spiritual union of civilised nations. France is again beginning to launch on the world publications which tell her message very clearly and very substantially.

It is well to remember that the policy of the Germans during four years of occupation aimed at never reprinting works which formed the background of any French library. They insisted on devoting the little quantity of paper reserved for French publication either to works which served their own propaganda or to any meaningless works which would not in any way contradict this propaganda.

The effect of such a policy over four years is still felt. The French 'library' is devastated and impoverished. It is difficult to find, except in public or private libraries, those works which made universal fame for French philosophy. New books, even those by celebrated authors, must still wait a long time before they can be published. France, the producer of world-precious and magnificent works of art, must champ at the bit while she waits for her *second* deliverance—that which will permit her to express herself freely again and to manifest herself freely.

Already French works have begun to appear in Belgium, England, Canada, the United States, S. America and N. Africa. It is an attempt at a solution which does honour to French determination and French genius, but it cannot complete the solution of the matter. It is essential that France herself be very soon in a position to publish her own books under her own spiritual and material control. She must be able to address directly other nations which await her message whether with sympathy or antagonism.

Very briefly, that is the picture of France as she is—wounded but still intelligent. All peoples have their merits: all must contribute something to the work of civilisation. That is essential to the peoples themselves and to the world in which they live.

Very well. Certain virtues of France are irreplaceable, particularly in the sphere of the mind. It is of importance to all human society that these virtues be not only conserved but once again exalted and immediately allowed to follow once more their ancient and glorious course.

CLANDESTINE LITERATURE

VERCORS, *Author of* Le Silence de la Mer, *perhaps the biggest best-seller in Britain of the French Resistance*

EVEN to those of us who have lived through it, the awful period of the deadening of free thought already seems very far away; for four years the expression of free thought was ground as if between the upper and nether millstones; the upper millstone, the greatest and heaviest—that of tyranny—the oppressor which condemned to silence all the usual free voices—books, newspapers, translations . . . and the other stone, grinding away against the upper millstone and at the same time supporting the whole weight of it, trying to prevent the crushing for ever of the French soul.

This lower millstone working against the upper was the stone of French anger, of revolt and of the pamphlet.

The following is the preface to the *Editions de Minuit:* 'In another age people were condemned for preferring Euripides to Racine. The tyrants of that day proclaimed the Glory of France. Today the physics of Einstein, the psychology of Freud, and the Song of Solomon are forbidden. It is forbidden to reprint Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Katherine Mansfield, Virginia Woolf, Henry James, Faulkner, and all the others whom we love. "It is forbidden to display in bookshops Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Shelley, the English poets and novelists of all time." That was prescribed by order of German Propaganda.

'As to French literature, that was forbidden in every place where the New Europe was organising itself—in Belgium, in Holland, in Greece. And in France itself from the month of September 1940 the Syndicate of Publishers signed a Convention

of Censorship with the authorities of the Occupation. At the same time a warning to the public declared: "In signing this Convention the German authorities wish to show their confidence in French publishers who, by respecting the rights of the conquerors, have given French thought the opportunity to continue its development. The German authorities note the initiative of the publishers with satisfaction."

' Now, in another epoch of French history, the authorities "annulled" writers who refused to praise their master. At that time the master said of the other writers who did praise him: "I opened my courts and they flocked in."

'There still exist in France some writers who have no wish to enter the "court" and who refuse to write to order. They feel deeply that thought must be expressed freely. If it is not expressed freely, the spirit of thought itself dies.

'That is the object of the *Editions de Minuit*. Our intention is not to spread propaganda, but we intend to try to preserve the spirit of artistic life and to serve that spirit freely. Names do not matter. It is not a question now of little personal fame. It is a question of the spiritual purity of man, even though the road to that purity becomes more and more difficult.'

In that Preface, Pierre de Lescure spoke not only on behalf of the *Editions de Minuit*. He spoke on behalf of all those men who were in love with truth and who in the south zone as well as in the north did their best during four years to keep French thought alive. They succeeded.

It is not possible to mention 'clandestine literature' without the name of Jacques Decour rising like a tragic sun. The Germans shot Jacques Decour before he had time to write—except the most beautiful of farewell letters. But his personality is the foundation stone of everything. Without him there would not have existed either the *Lettres Françaises* which he founded with Jean Paulhan, nor the *Editions de Minuit*, which he did not have time to know but which were born from the death of a magazine which he created: *La Pensée Libre*.

I do not know when the first issue of *La Pensée Libre* appeared, but I must be forgiven if sometimes I lack precision. This is not a bibliography. I only know that Jacques Decour set *La Pensée Libre* afoot with his friends Politzer and Solomon who, like him, were shot; I only know that Jean Paulhan collaborated with Maydieu (Snr.) and Jean Guehenno and many others and that these names formed the nucleus of the *Comité National des Ecrivains* which Decour also founded and which became the rendezvous of all resisting thought.

I only saw the second number of *La Pensée Libre*. It was heavy and abundant and had a brick-coloured cover. I read it. I complained of its violent propaganda character which I thought corresponded badly with its title. Pierre de Lescure admitted it was a good criticism which was the reason he had been asked to look after it. He then asked my help. And so it was that I undertook to write for *La Pensée Libre* the story which was to be called *Le Silence de la Mer*.

The Gestapo meantime had arrested the editors, discovered the printing works and seized the material and manuscripts. It was after that, while re-reading the admirable story of Roger Martin du Gard, *La Confidence Africaine*, that I realised that a book had been made of what was really a short story, and I had the idea that it might be interesting to make one of *Le Silence de la Mer*. Pierre de Lescure was enthusiastic about the idea. He suggested that it might be the beginning of an entire series. And while I, with the printer Aulard and my childhood friend, Yvonne Desvignes, got to work about printing the *Editions de Minuit*, Pierre de Lescure, on his side, went looking for manuscripts.

The man who really made possible the success of *Editions de Minuit* was the author Jacques Debû-Bridel. He and Pierre de Lescure had already worked together. Pierre de Lescure went to see him first. And Debû-Bridel, who occupied an important post at the Admiralty, supplied Lescure with information as to how he could also transmit the books to London.

Jacques Debû-Bridel furthermore made his friend understand that only one man could group around him everybody who counted amongst modern French writers. That man was Jean Paulhan, who had dominated French literature for the past twenty-five years. Since the death of Jacques Rivière, he had been the guiding spirit of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. He left that paper when Otto Abetz gave it into the charge of Drieu la Rochelle. Jean Paulhan spent several weeks in prison at the time when Vilde, Solomon, Levitzki and many others met their death. But he was now running a kind of 'salon' of intellectual resistance at his office in Rue de Beaune. As it happened, neither Pierre de Lescure nor I ever went to see him. But, in spite of that, most of the manuscripts which eventually reached us came either directly or indirectly from him, through the medium of the secret meetings which he held in his office.

The writing of *Le Silence de la Mer* was finished in October 1941 and the printing in February 1942. It crossed the sea at the end of 1942, and the reception which it had in England surpassed my

wildest dreams. It made me realise how awful the silence must have been for those who loved France—a silence which for the most part was broken only by the outbursts of the voices of traitors. It made me realise how the lovers of France must have welcomed the underground messages which were crossing the Channel, but which could not present a complete picture of French thought. The violence of the pamphlet was assuredly necessary but the picture was not complete. Because of a little natural pride I could not help hoping that this small book which condemned the Germans (even the best of them), not with passion, but coldly and objectively, stood some chance of being noticed, but I did not dare anticipate the amazing success which awaited it over the Channel and across the Atlantic!

At the same time as *Le Silence de la Mer* was crossing the Atlantic one way, a book written originally for the American public came into the free zone in typescript form. It was printed through the underground press in brochure form by Claude Aveline in the first place, and then by Paul Hartmann. This book, *A Travers le Désastre*, by Jacques Maritain, was smuggled into the north zone in the clothing of Yvonne Desvignes and appeared later in the *Editions de Minuit*. That was in 1942—two years after it had been written. It was so brilliant and so just that within a few weeks it gained an immense public (in spite of the small number of copies. But those who were lucky enough to possess the book made copies of it for their less fortunate friends).

At the beginning of 1943, manuscripts suitable for the *Editions de Minuit* were again scarce. The editors had promises but no manuscripts. They told themselves that authors needed time to write; that the books would materialise, but they were more than a little anxious. And then suddenly in one single coup they found themselves inundated by so many books that they could not possibly print all of them.

And so the *Editions de Minuit* brought out a collective volume, comprising *Chroniques Interdites* by Jean Paulhan on Jacques Decour, an essay by Julien Benda on the metaphysical foolishness of tyrannical peoples. Yvonne Desvignes wrote on the high importance of Indignation. Jacques Debû-Bridel wrote on the treason of Paris newspapers from 10 May 1940. And Vercors (under the name of Santerre) also contributed to make up the number. . . .

About the same time—the spring of 1943—while the French and their Allies were chasing the Germans from Tunisia, Paul Eluard collected in an anthology ardent, magnificent poems by twenty-one poets from all sections of French thought (from Catholic to Communist). He offered this to the *Editions de Minuit*, to Pierre de Lescure. It was this anthology—*Honneur des Poètes*—which gained such an amazing success overseas. It was in this book that Eluard himself, and Aragon, Jean Tardieu and Pierre Seghers, Francis Ponge and Pierre Emmanuel, Loys Masson and Lucien Sheler, Jean Lescure and Georges Hugnet, Charles Wildrax and Edith Thomas, Gabriel Audiso and Guillevic and many others were able to voice their cries of revolt and of hope.

Shortly afterwards François Mauriac, under the name of Forez, contributed the extremely good *Cahier Noir*, in which he exhorted the people to 'wager against Machiavelli', a short but powerful discourse which gave to the world a message worthy of its author. Then there was *La Pensée Patient* de Thimerais (a strong study on the structure of societies in France and of the future of France), quickly followed by *Angleterre* by Jacques Debû-Bridel, famous in Great Britain under the name of Argonne.

This was in the north zone, and in the south zone a parallel current was also spreading the thought of resistance. The Nazis had intended to divide France, to cut even her thought in two, in the hope of making the two sections fight one against the other. They failed.

Right from those first months magazines were published in the south zone quite openly but nevertheless supporting the same values as *Editions de Minuit* in the north zone. To those who understood, the contents seemed so transparent that only those with thick skulls could remain blind to their meaning. *Fontaine d'Alger*, founded by Max-Pol Fouchet, published the great poem by Eluard, *Ce Liberté*, which was to be recited in low tones and with fervour by all those who carried in their hearts the sadness of their lost liberty. *Confluence*, founded in Lyon by Henri Tavernier, was suspended for two months by Vichy for having published a certain poem by Aragon, which was a little too obvious. *Poésie* 40, later *Poésie* 44, edited by Pierre Seghers, printed poems of Eluard, of Aragon and even texts under the name of Guy Moquet, who was shot by the Germans.

It is round the united activity of these magazines that the intellectual resistance of the south zone developed. Bonds were established with the north zone. Dudach attempted to make contact with *La Pensée Libre*, which he carried back across the demarcation line in sacks, because, in the South Aragon, Seghers, Leon Moussinac wanted to collaborate with the second number of

Clandestine newspapers

La Pensée Libre. But Dudach lost his life in that attempt.

Then, little by little, publications which were frankly illegal made their appearance. The first was *Les Etoiles*, founded in Lyon, which appeared first in the form of typewritten sheets, but wherever a copy went it was reproduced five times over, and so *Les Etoiles* grew like a snowball. And in this way the poems of Eluard and of Aragon, the writings of Jean Cassou, Henri Malherbe, Pierre Seghers, Henri Tavernier, François Ponge, Elsa Triollet, Professor Debre and many others were circulated further by thousands of copies.

Gradually societies were formed. National committees were established: the Committee of Writers, which included Aragon, Jacques Sadoul, Jean Prevost (who was shot), André Viollis, Elsa Triollet, André Malraux, Roger Martin du Gard; the Committee of Journalists, founded by Sauget, Altermann, Leynaud (who was shot); the Committee of Doctors, of Professors, of Teachers.

The Committee of Writers in the south zone, which centred around Aragon, turned its attention to publications apart from periodicals. At first they were purely tracts for the members of the committee (manifestoes of the foundation, tracts on Pucheu, Politzer and the son of Clemenceau). Aragon published with them (at the same time as with *Editions de Minuit*) *Le Crime Contre l'Esprit*, his *Musée Grévin*, and under the name of Jean du Haut, his *Sept Poèmes d'Amour en Guerre*. *Le Père Milon*, a 'forbidden' Maupassant, appeared; a forbidden anthology of poems by Gros and Verlaine. M. Portalis wrote a speech on the Vichy Government. There were two accounts of the Maquis by Elsa Triollet and Jacques Sadoul but these, unfortunately, were seized at the moment of publication. Viennet contributed *La Véritable Saison des Juges*, and there were two brochures written by doctors: *The Pathology of German Prisons in France* (tortures) and *The Pathology of Unfortunate France*. These closed the series.

While Aragon kept alive the 'thought resistance' in the south zone, he also sent his *Musée Grévin* work to the *Editions de Minuit*. These poems, which ranged from comedy to tragedy and occasionally reached epic quality with an undeniably powerful lyricism, became known as the 'Châtiments' of those four years of tyranny. And no doubt he himself, as he was writing them, thought of them as poems of vengeance.

At the same time the *Editions de Minuit* published *Les Amants d'Avignon*, by Elsa Triollet (under the name of Laurent Daniel), a short novel full of richness and tenderness on that life, that dramatic life, of the 'Resistance'. Then appeared the *Contes d'Auxois* (Edith Thomas), very simple and touching little stories; finally, *La Marche à l'Etoile*, a novel in which the author denounced

the most abject treason of the Pétain Government. That ended the year 1943.

Early in 1944, all of us realised that the *Editions de Minuit* had only a few months to publish the manuscripts it had in hand. Up until this time it had not been possible even to reach a rate of publication of one volume per month (because of the difficulties of distribution, which was always a headache in the matter of underground or illegitimate publication). Paul Eluard declared that, to publish all the *Editions de Minuit* in hand, it would be necessary to publish at least two volumes per month, possibly even one a week. Everybody concerned did their utmost, and when that glorious week in the month of August arrived, there were less than a dozen volumes outstanding.

To begin with we published the famous *Nuits Noires* (The Moon is Down), by John Steinbeck, but I will not dwell on that masterpiece, because this article is really concerned with clandestine French literature. At the same time, and almost immediately on top of each other, there appeared three volumes of *Témoignages*, one by Yves Farges, on the heroic scuttling of the French fleet at Toulon; one by Roger Giron on the true conditions (which were then unknown) which led to the treacherous armistice; the third was the terrible but magnificent *Témoin des Martyrs*, by Aragon, on the assassination and torture of the French intellectuals.

Shortly afterwards, Paul Eluard submitted a second volume of poems on the resistance, this time called *Europe*, which included not only French poems but also the work of Belgian Polish, Dutch, Greek, Serbian, Bulgarian, Czech and Italian poets—poems from all the countries suffering under the Nazi yoke.

By this time the *Editions de Minuit* had a full stock (by that I mean their cases in the cellar were filled to overflowing with manuscripts). Jean Cassou (Jean Noir) sent thirty-three sonnets composed in prison—composed, not written, because to write was impossible. Prisoners have no paper or pencil. Thirty-three admirable sonnets, thirty-three joyous, moving and exquisite sonnets. Claude Aveline (Minervois) sent me a pathetic story which, in its simplicity, was both shocking and terrible: *Le Temps Mort*, the story of an imprisoned woman—a story which had such a sincere ring that nobody from amongst our friends who knew prison life (and they were numerous) would believe me when I assured them the author had never been inside a prison. Claude Morgan (Mortagne), who edited the illegal *Lettres Françaises*, the organ of the clandestine Comité National des Ecrivains, sent an inspired story of his experiences as a prisoner of war: *La Marque de l'Homme*. His friend, George Adam, who assisted with the *Lettres* wrote, under the name of Hainaut, a story dealing with those who evaded the call to liberty. Jean Guehenno had written, during those grim years of oppression, a kind of journal where imagination mingled with hope, and he offered large extracts under the title of *Dans la Prison*.

From England also there arrived various manuscripts: a poem by Charles Morgan, *L'Ode à la France*, pages of a journal of André Gide, a sympathetic piece from the well-known English critic, Raymond Mortimer, entitled *La Loyauté des Clercs*. The *Editions de Minuit* made of these the first part of a second volume of forbidden chronicles; the second part included a sad story by Gabriel Audisio (La Valentine); *Propos sur la Haine*, a most harsh story by André Chamson (Lauter); *Le Puits des Miracles*, and the moving *Jours et Nuits*, notes and prison memories by Claude Bellanger (Mauges), who, under the same name, prepared and prefaced an anthology of forbidden German poets, from Heinrich Heine to Erich Keistner, translated by René Cannac and himself, which was published by the Comité des Ecrivains under the title *Bannis*.

On the day of liberation a number of manuscipts were still to be published. They appeared afterwards legally.

'Although coming from so many different sources, these contributions were born of the same impatience: that impatience which makes men in love with truth cry out against "the hand which crushes their mouths." And these cries, however small in number, however little heard, are not in vain if they bear witness later to the eyes of the world of the spiritual constancy of a France who did not resign herself.'

These words appear in the preface to the second volume of the *Editions de Minuit*, the editors of which, while they had some pride in their activities, yet also experienced more than a little anxiety as to the reception they would receive from the world. Now, it has been shown that the books they published were not few in number, nor were they unnoticed. Almost twenty-five thousand books were distributed in two years: twenty-five thousand little books which passed from hand to hand and were often laboriously typed by thousands of courageous and determined readers. Yes, there were hundreds of thousands of cries of revolt and hope during the many months when France was buried under the oppressive silence, but during which time she gave up neither her mission nor her faith.

FROM GESTAPO TO MILITIA

CHARLES MOULIN

'YOU'RE in the Resistance!'

'I'm not!'

A smashing blow in the face was the answer to the chained man's denial. And when the gentlemen of the Gestapo were in a merry mood, they simply used to apply a lighted cigarette ten or a dozen times to your bare chest, just to get you to talk.

Then the cross-questioning would start again, a tireless alternation of questions and beatings-up.

To be exact, there was no standardised technique. It depended on the local bosses, or the mood of the moment, as to whether brutality and cunning were mingled or alternated in an unpredictable rhythm. But the majority of the accused had to put up with that *douche écossaise*: the violence of the torturers alternating with the inquisitorial gentleness of the questioners.

At Lyons in 1943, the accused used to have to go first before a wily Gestapo agent who put him through a lengthy and tortuous cross-examination. 'It was really an insignificant matter; everything would be all right; all they wanted to do was to get things straightened out.' From the very start you had to take yourself completely in hand; the slightest slip might give you away and lead to further arrests.

So watertight were some of the Resistance organisations that if one of their members was arrested, an essential link was broken, and only his forced confession could put the Gestapo on to their tracks. Try to think of the faces of those men, determined not to talk, careful never to give way, forced to forget everything they knew, to keep the enemy perpetually off the scent, to give the necessary twist to the conversation, to deny everything, all the time, recklessly.

If the questioning produced no result, you were warned, and sent into the next room. You were handed over to the torturer who sent you back, after the customary treatment, to the inquisitor. And so it went on.

It was a struggle calling for both cunning and strength. It meant refusing to answer questions, telling lies right and left, giving false addresses, inventing situations, letting lies clash and contradict each other. It was a dramatic struggle, too, and an unequal one, for one side was master of the situation without being master of the human will which was defying it, and the other was aware of having in its hands the lives of a whole group of comrades. Such a struggle could have a certain grandeur. Why should it have tacked on to it all the horror of physical tortures tirelessly repeated and varied with intolerable sadism? Comrades who had been released by the Gestapo have often said to me: 'It had gone quite far enough. I couldn't have stuck it much longer. I'd rather die a thousand times than go through it again. During the actual torture it was still bearable; you went off into a sort of coma, physical weariness blotted out all nervous reactions and the brains was so numb that it registered nothing at all. But waiting for the torture, torture that is not always the same, is frightful, so is the first blow.'

One would not like to have to insist on these points; for the sake of human honour, one would like such things never to have existed. At school we learned to hate the torture chambers of mediæval justice. Now that we have stood on the threshold of modern torture chambers we cannot refuse to accept the evidence of their existence.

The tragedy of France, resistance France, has been terrible. Tortures have been numberless, but let us say at once that the courage of our resistance men has triumphed over barbarity. A few may have weakened, but the great majority managed to overcome all attacks both physical and moral.

'THIRD DEGREE'

The standard 'third degree' methods—'*le passage à tabac*' we call it in French—are well enough known—blows in the face, in the stomach, in the side, kicks on the shins, the victim being generally bound. This would be followed by sessions with the black-jack. At Nevers in 1944, on eight successive days, one of my friends was whipped, at first for half an hour at a time, then for an hour. The skin of his back was torn to shreds. Then there was the bucket, or the bath-tub trick. Your head was plunged into a bucket of water and held there till you lost your breath, then you were dragged on to your feet by the hair and knocked out by a masterly uppercut. One of my friends took this punishment twelve times. But there is better, even, than that. You are tied to a horizontal ladder, with your head and legs hanging loose. They strike you on the chest as many as ten times with a thin iron

chain.—'Tell the address of the meeting-place.'—'No!'—So they start afresh.—'Go on, talk!'—'No!'—They strike below the belt.—'Going to talk!'—'No!'—They strike at your sexual organs—'Now talk!'—'No!'—The victim, covered with blood, faints away. Next day they start all over again. Shall we tell of the men who were suspended by the wrists, or the feet, who had their nails ripped off, their legs and arms broken, their ears cut off, their eyes torn out? Shall we tell of the men, so shockingly mutilated, whom the enemy hanged in sheer desperation? Shall we tell of the men who were left without food and drink? One simply dare not dwell too long on such atrocities.

Physical suffering is so hard to bear! Can you ever know the limits of your strength; can you ever be sure that, in spite of your strength of will, some physical weakness is not going to place you at the mercy of the enemy? But mental torture is not spared, either, in the form of the most abominable blackmail.—'Did you know we've arrested your wife? We've arrested your mother, you know. If you don't talk they'll be tortured. If you do talk, we'll let them go.'—'That pal of yours we arrested at the same time as you, he's talked. We've let him go.'—And so the line of deceptive promises and palliatives goes on.—'What's the use of holding out on us when the game's up anyhow?' Blackmail and extortion of every kind, trafficking in youth, in life, in liberation—one way is good as another to get results.

NO REST

Even in their cells the wretched victims know no rest. There, too, they must keep their mouths shut and dissimulate. For the Gestapo often locks you up with informers, whose job it is to keep an eye on you and get you to talk.

It was a wearying, harrassing, painful calvary of a life Gestapo victims led until they were sentenced. After that it was death or deportation to German camps anywhere from Weimar to Matthausen—camps of torture, hard labour and protracted death. After that, a sub-human existence, hunger, sickness without medical care, maltreatment. After that, shooting, hanging, the gas-chamber, the ovens. At Stuthof camp, in the Vosges, that is how 6,000 Alsatians, including 1,800 women, met their death!

The Gestapo was a sinister legend—it was also a sinister reality. Its net was cast over every town in France, backed by a network of informers and spies who helped to extend its field of action. Some of its agents were specially assigned to run to earth organised resistance movements; others dealt with resistance of a general nature; others concentrated on forgers of identity cards, workers of the underground press, or direct-action groups.

Every address discovered becomes a trap. If there's a telephone, they answer plausibly: 'Why of course he's at home, but he's not very well. Why don't you come and see him?' Men I know have been tortured for hours in their own homes so that they would write to people who worked with them and ask them to call. You had to make certain you were not 'shadowed' in the street; that you did not talk too loudly in cafés; and all the time you had to remain perfectly natural. The enemy was not everywhere, but he might have been.

It was a never-ending struggle, and the Gestapo had everything on its side—all the material means at least—but it was unable to overcome the patriotic zeal of the men of the Resistance. With all its ramifications and complicities, and in spite of the threats and the bribery and corruption it dealt in, the Gestapo can only show a credit of bloodshed, not a credit of victory. Frenchmen may have helped it, but they were unable to triumph over France—and Frenchmen *did* help the Gestapo!

FRENCH AND GERMAN GESTAPOS

The French Gestapo with its headquarters in the rue Lauriston, Paris, was just a branch of the German Gestapo. It was started by ex-Police Inspector Bony and actually run, since the spring of 1942, by one Lafont, who had nine convictions to his credit. With a gang of killers and blackmailers, he tortured, murdered and handed over to the Germans about 600 French people. He and his acolytes worked in Paris, Bordeaux—where Lafont went about in German uniform and where he had Lambrecht, the head of the Belgian Resistance Movement, killed—in Perigueux, in the Yonne, and many other places, always leaving behind them a sinister trail of blood and tears. It will be a long time before their atrocities and their refinements in torture are forgotten. Lafont's crimes against his country are capped by treason—he set up a secret radio in North Africa which informed the Germans of all troop movements.

Between them these two organisations worked a system of constant surveillance in the towns, and in the villages of sharp raids to arrest everybody who fed or supported the Maquis, to arrest the men who used to blow up munition dumps and derail troop-trains, to try to stamp out that latent resistance against which all appeals for collaboration, all threats, all posting-up of lists of executions were of no avail. When the matter threatened to be serious, the Gestapo called in the

Army, the Waffen S.S. It would be impossible to count all their massacres, the villages they have burned, the mass-graves which are being discovered daily. At Mussidan (Dordogne), in 1944, 30 inhabitants were shot in the market-place. At Tulle (Corrèze) 100 inhabitants were hanged. At Villefranche-du-Rouergue, 150 shot; in the Ain, in a few days of February 1944, 70 shot, 436 arrested, 75 farms burned; at Dun-sur-Auron (Cher), a village of 3,600 inhabitants, all the men were shot and the whole village burned out. On 18 May 1944, in a Vercors village, 9 inhabitants, one of them a woman, were shot and 8 houses set on fire. On 2 February 1944, at Saint Marcellin (Haute Savoie) 27 men and women were shot after being tortured. At Plomion (Aisne), in August 1944, the wife of the local Resistance leader was rolled up in blankets with her two children, drenched with petrol and burned alive.

The list of their crimes would fill pages. The ghastly examples of Asq (Nord) and Oradour-sur-Glane are still fresh in everyone's memory.

The ultimate limits of horror are never reached, for fresh abominations are being unearthed all the time. Why should France, in other ways so magnificently united against the enemy, so determined to defend her liberty at all costs, have had among her children that gang of traitors which played such a part in the crimes of the French Gestapo and the workings of the Militia? For the Militia, organised by Darnand and armed by the Germans to support and defend the régime of collaboration, was simply another Gestapo. Both employed the same inquisitorial methods, the same inhuman treatment in their frenzied pursuit and denunciation of true French patriotism.

These slaves and emulators of the Gestapo have described themselves by their own acts and writings far better than we could do. The following report made by Militia leader, Gonnet, to his regional officer will show you what I mean:

'The terrorists received the severest possible treatment at our hands. They were made to stand up for 30 hours without food. They were kicked and struck, particularly in the face, the stomach and the sexual organs. After being questioned, the prisoners were made to prepare vegetables, and as they did not do the job sufficiently quickly, Thomas (aged 53) and Dadutjan (aged 19), were bayoneted.'

Slaves of the Germans, they acted like slaves, and did the most menial tasks. They drew up black lists of people to be prosecuted or sentenced; they organised denunciations; they handed over escaped prisoners. Several of our comrades, arrested by the Militia and tortured with the same subtle cruelty, the same inhuman violence, were questioned either simultaneously or alternatively by both French and Germans. Gestapo records, files, photographs were used by both parties. Collusion in all their investigations and questionings was patent. That is proved by so many facts that it is impossible to doubt it. But if one must give more details and examples of their savagery, this is how a mutiny in the prison at Eysses was suppressed.

Darnand, inspector of the French Waffen S.S., Chief of the Militia, handled the matter personally. He ordered 50 prisoners to be shot. They fell singing the *Marseillaise*. Some of them were not killed outright. The place was a shambles. A few days later, at the St. Paul's barracks, Cussonac, a senior Militia officer, had 15 men shot, bound on their knees at the stake.

I have no desire to lengthen this unspeakably revolting list of monstrous crimes and human savagery without telling you that, in spite of the weapons and the spies of the Gestapo, in spite of betrayals, anonymous denunciations and treachery, the Resistance Movement got the better of its enemies in the end.

THE WORK WENT ON!

We do not yet know exactly how many were shot, how many were deported—probably 500,000 men and women—but one fact remains: for all the arrests, the torturings, the deportations, the work went on. No sooner did one man fall than another arose to take his place.

At the very height of the questionings and the torture, our comrades had the strength and courage to smile and to make fun of their tormenters. Some of them, in spite of their extreme weakness, were clever and patient enough to escape.

Outside help was not lacking, but generally they had to act on their own initiative, and take terrible risks. Their escapes were not merely thrilling; they were the escapes of men of action, determined to take up their work again, with all its risks, as soon as they were free, without even taking trouble to go to another town or another sector.

After the shameful crimes of the Gestapo and the Militia, after the tears and sorrow, and the sinister epic of torture, it was essential that we should rest our eyes for a moment on the courage of their victims. After condemning, in our disgust, the police methods of the Germans, it was fitting that we should think of our heroes.

PARIS LIBERATED

COLONEL LIZÉ, *F.F.I. Commander for Paris and the Seine department. He played an outstanding part in the fight for the liberation of Paris*

RESISTANCE

ACCORDING to one legend, the city of Paris was founded by Francus, the son of Hector, who escaped from the sack of Troy, became king of Gaul and built the city which he named after his handsome uncle, Paris.

'One only lends to the rich,' says the proverb, and Paris's authentic letters patent of nobility are sufficiently old to make it unnecessary to have recourse to the figments of popular imagination.

Since fifty odd years before the Christian era, when its inhabitants put up a hard fight against Caesar's legions, the little town of Lutetia, which grew in the course of centuries into the Paris of today, has known many vicissitudes.

Paris, the chosen spot where wind of the spirit really blows, has come through its trials victorious and covered with glory. Through the darkest days of our distress, when its enemies expected to see it extinguished for ever, Paris shone like a beacon over every highway and by-way in France. From June 1940 to August 1944 Paris, worthy of its two-thousand years of history, remained faithful to its mission.

Occupied, enslaved, Paris accepted nothing, renounced nothing, gave in to no one. For four years it was the image, the symbol of our tortured and crucified country, wounded in body and soul, its children hunted, persecuted, tortured, deported, shot.

The invader laid hands on its wealth, its material wealth; he tried to lay hands on its spiritual wealth, he did his best to besmirch its wary soul—but in vain. Paris, like the rest of France, rejected what looked like the easiest way out—resignation, and spurned the evil counsellors who would have encouraged it to turn traitor.

Instinctively, it turned towards the voice from London calling upon it to resist, and took to heart the watchword broadcast by General de Gaulle on 2 July 1940: 'The soul of France remains with those who carry on the fight with every means, active or passive, in their power, with those who refuse to give in, with those who, one day, will achieve victory.'

For four years Paris waited for the day when it could at last rise up and, with the help of the Allies, drive out the invader. But that waiting period was not inactive; it was fruitful. Resistance, which springs from the heart, took on at once a concrete form—but it had to be done in secret. In appearance, at least, revolt had to be silenced, pride completely ignored.

Small groups were formed as early as 1940; three or four friends would get together, then more and more recruits would be drawn in, people of all classes, callings and ages. Still their number—and their resources—remained relatively small. Danger lurked on every side; there were pitfalls even in their secrecy. Everything was against them: the apathy of the mass, the selfish indifference of many, the downright ill-will of the traffickers whose motto was '*l'argent n'a pas d'odeur.*'

The enemy's success, the propaganda he subsidised—all the powers of evil, in short—united to crush all hopes.

Slowly but surely, the instinct and the reason of the people of Paris guided them along the hard and narrow road towards revival.

Little by little the underground struggle gained strength. Passive resistance was followed by active resistance, leading to armed uprising.

That was how the Resistance Movements were born.

The leaders of these movements constituted the *Conseil National de la Résistance* (*C.N.R.*), three members of which made up the *Comité d'Action Militaire* (*C.O.M.A.C.*) which exercised supreme command over the military forces of the Resistance, the Secret Army (*A.S.*) which, in 1943, became the F.F.I.

There were no Maquis, strictly speaking, in Paris or its immediate neighbourhood, but the daily increasing numbers of persons evading forced labour provided excellent material for the resistance movements.

Paris was divided into four sectors, covering the Seine and Seine-et-Oise Departments. The Gestapo did its best to deprive it of its leaders. Early in June it arrested the F.F.I. General Staff for the Seine Department.

But the job was still done; liaison was re-established, though not without difficulty.

Arms were scarce, or non-existent. Early in July the Seine Command ordered arms to be got together at all costs. Every day, or, better, every night, German soldiers, either individually or in

small groups, found themselves stripped of their arms.

Meanwhile, laboratories were busy filling bottles with petrol, such useful anti-tank weapons. One laboratory alone turned out 5,000 such bottles.

Secret meetings were held more frequently. There were more and more attacks on convoys, sabotage of vehicles, railways, electric power and telephone cables. Strikes broke out in the public services and police. Sabotage was again intensified. For days the German Command was deprived of all telephone communications with the Reich.

ARMED RISING

The Germans begin to move out—first the women, then the General Staffs. Wehrmacht and S.S. columns, passing through Paris, camp on the avenues and in parks.

17 *August.* The F.F.I. Command organises command posts. The Seine Command is housed in the Mint, on the Quai Conti, a central position, not too far from either the Préfecture de Police, or the Hotel de Ville, and from which the F.F.I. chief can keep in touch, as far as possible, with the street fighting.

The order is given for the occupation of all public establishments (ministries, factories, public services, offices, telephone exchanges, banks, the Métro, reservoirs, etc.).

18–19 *August.* During the night the order for armed rising is given. The wireless broadcasts the message: '*Allez-y maintenant!*'—'Go to it now!'

Before dawn all signposts are removed from crossroads and street corners. The Tricolour is hoisted on public buildings (Hôtel de Ville, Préfecture de Police, Sorbonne, Notre Dame. . . .).

Walls are covered with the general mobilisation order, and so Paris learns of the existence of the Provisional Government and the Paris Liberation Committee and discovers the names of its military leaders.

Men wearing tricolour armlets appear from all sides. Arms and munitions are in short supply. That doesn't matter—they'll take them from the enemy.

The F.F.I. goes for the Germans in the streets, in garages, hotels and command posts. The battles grow and spread like fires breaking out spontaneously and spreading through Paris until the city and its suburbs are alight from end to end.

There are skirmishes more or less everywhere. The Germans are taken by surprise, bewildered and completely lost, since the removal of all street and road signs. Detachments start off in the wrong direction only to be fired on and pelted with hand-grenades. When they *do* manage to get on the move again, they only come up against the same sort of thing a little further on.

The enemy tries to retaliate. Gun-posts set up at street corners fire at random on anything—or nothing.

The Cité sector is particularly active. The Préfecture de Police is attacked three times by enemy tanks. Towards the end of the afternoon a counter-attack by the École de Police 'free group' forces the enemy to withdraw, leaving behind prisoners and equipment.

Sunday, 20 *August.* Fighting starts again at daybreak.

The F.F.I. are at their posts, in doorways, at street corners, behind barricades of sandbags.

People dash about the streets, some going about their work, others just out to see what's going on.

A burst of firing in the distance; it comes nearer. It's a German tank, or a mobile machine-gun, or perhaps just a lorry. An alert-system has been organised, so signallers indicate the gradual approach of the undesirable object. A car marked with the Lorraine cross and the letters 'F.F.I.' flashes past giving the alarm. Then the German vehicle clanks by, firing all its guns; shortly afterwards it passes by again in the opposite direction.

Since last night rumours have been spreading, and the news has been gradually hardening, that the enemy is asking for a truce. Early in the afternoon loud speakers on Préfecture de Police cars announce the fact officially.

Following a démarche by the Swedish Consul-General, an agreement has been reached between the representatives of the Provisional Government and German High Command: the enemy is granted free passage on routes to be fixed later, and agrees to refrain from all forms of reprisals.

In actual fact the truce is recognised neither by F.F.I. nor S.S.

German motor-cyclists still fire their guns; German flags are still flown; German sentinels are still armed. Excitable crowds are going about the streets attacking the command posts manned by the collaboration groups.

Firing starts up again. Practically speaking, there has been no truce. By order of the F.F.I. Command, barricades are built all over Paris—A.R.P. sandbags, paving blocks, tree-railings, furniture, old iron, etc. . . . every possible thing is used to obstruct the enemy's movement. Even trees are felled in the streets. Tension increases hourly. Paris keeps watch on its barricades and carries on the fight.

Monday, 21 *August.* The enemy has taken his stand on his last defence lines. He is still

powerfully armed and seems determined to put up a vigorous defence.

A mass rising is proclaimed.

The German patrols have no definite plan of action and simply fire haphazard on anything or anybody. The barricades don't help them. They simply keep moving round without really knowing where they're going.

Tuesday, 22 August. The enemy brings out his tanks from the forts around Paris.

Cars armed with machine-guns and lorries filled with armed troops patrol the main streets.

Against repeated attacks, the F.F.I. centres hold out, and all the attacker's efforts are stemmed by the strongly-defended barricades. Every enemy vehicle that draws up is stopped for good and immediately set on fire. Skirmishes become more and more frequent, with no gains for the Germans.

Wednesday, 23 August. The barricades are reinforced. The enemy, on the defensive, is going to put up a hard fight to save his positions. The Grand Palais is on fire. Rooftop warfare starts. Retreating Militia men and Germans separated from their units have taken refuge on the tops of buildings and are sniping from behind chimney stacks. F.F.I. men reply and go up to the roofs themselves, to hunt out the snipers.

F.F.I. Seine Command sends out three reconnaissance officers to try to make contact with General Leclerc's Division and with the Allied forces.

Thursday, 24 August. The enemy has withdrawn to his positions, which are still firmly held.

It is impossible to take buildings and positions like the École Militaire, the Chamber of Deputies, the Palais du Luxembourg, the Prince Eugène Barracks, the Place de la Concorde, the Hotel Majestic, the Opéra, etc., . . . without armour and guns.

Allied columns are racing towards Paris. Gunfire can be heard in the distance.

In the afternoon, advance elements of the Leclerc Division are reported to be at La Croix de Berny. The guns are coming up.

Bourg-la-Reine is reached. The Germans fall back in disorder towards the Porte d'Orléans. The F.F.I. cut off their retreat and head them in an easterly direction.

By about 8 p.m. Leclerc's tanks are on the outskirts. Vanguards make their way into the city through the fourteenth and fifteenth arrondissements. In the twilight, seething, delirious crowds fill the air with cheers and shouts of joy.

Shortly after 9 p.m. some of Leclerc's armoured cars reach the Hotel de Ville, then the Préfecture de Police. Church bells are ringing everywhere.

The enemy, entrenched in his last strongpoints, is going to defend himself to the bitter end. He blows up munition dumps and starts a great number of fires before he abandons the outer suburbs.

Friday, 25 August. French tanks enter Paris. General Leclerc makes the Gare Montparnasse his headquarters while he prepares the final attack. In it, the supporting F.F.I. will play an active and glorious part.

Paris is covered with flags. The barricades are partly demolished so as not to obstruct our attacks.

The Interurban Power Station, the École Militaire, the Luxembourg, the Chamber of Deputies, the Quai d'Orsay and the Eiffel Tower are occupied during the morning.

About 2 p.m. fighting starts for the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries, the Opéra, the Admiralty. The Place de la République is taken.

By 3.30 it is all over. The Hotel Majestic and the Meurice fall, and General von Scholtitz, Commander of Greater Paris, signs an unconditional surrender.

Later in the afternoon, General de Gaulle enters Paris.

Saturday, 26 August. The capital pays homage to General de Gaulle. He is madly cheered as he walks down the Champs Elysées.

A solemn *Te Deum* is sung at Notre Dame. Shots are fired from the upper galleries and in the Sanctuary. The crowd in the streets is machine-gunned. Enemy sniping continues till evening. During the night German bombers raid the capital. Bombs are dropped at random.

Sunday, 27 August. Spasmodic fighting continues on the outskirts where isolated enemy groups are still holding out. The F.F.I. plays a considerable part in this fighting, particularly at Le Vieux Blanc-Mesnil.

* * *

Paris has added another page to its marvellous history. Its children are worthy descendants of their forefathers.

Paris has freed itself by its own sacrifice, by the sacrifice of its children. Their trials, their sufferings, their fears and their death-agonies have assured the city's safety.

On 2 April 1945, when General de Gaulle pinned the Cross of Liberation on to the panel which bears the city's coat-of-arms, alongside the Knight's Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre, the 'Ville Lumière' was made a Companion of Liberation.

The citation read by General de Gaulle places

on the pages in history the Paris of 1940–1944.

'Capital faithful to itself and to France, Paris showed, under occupation and oppression by the enemy, and in spite of desertion and betrayal, unshakeable determination to combat and to conquer.

'By its courage in the presence of the invader and by the indomitable courage with which it bore the cruellest of ordeals, it has proved worthy of being held up as an example to the entire nation.

'On 19 August 1944, joining its efforts to those of the Allied and French Armies, it rose up to drive out the enemy in a series of glorious battles started in the heart of the Cité and rapidly spread throughout the city. In spite of heavy losses sustained by its own F.F.I. units, it liberated itself by its own efforts, then, together with the vanguard of the French Army which came to its assistance on 25 August, reduced the German in his last strongholds and forced him to capitulate.'

WHAT THE LETTERS MEAN

C.F.L.N.
(Comité Français de la Libération Nationale)

C.N.R.
(Conseil National de la Résistance)

— *F.N.*: Front National.
— *O.C.M.*: Organisation Civile et Militaire.
— *Libé-Nord*: Libération-Nord.
— *C.L.V.*: Ceux de la Libération—Vengeance.
— *C.D.L.R.*: Ceux de la Résistance.
— *C.A.D.*: Comité d'Action contre la Déportation.
— *Super-N.A.P.*: *N.A.P* (Noyautage des Administrations Publiques) à l'échelon gouvernemental.
— Comité Directeur du *M.L.N.* (Mouvement de Libération Nationale.)
— *M.U.R.* (Mouvements Unis de Résistance.)
— Résistance.
— Voix du Nord.
— Lorraine.
— Défense de la France.
Combat.
— Franc-Tireur.
— Libération.

Secrétariat Général du M.L.N.
— Trésorerie.
— Service Social.
— F.P.: Faux papiers.
— N.A.P. Noyautage des Administrations publiques.
— S.R.: Service Renseignements.
— C.A.E.: Communications avec l'Extérieur.
— C.A.R.E.: Centre d'action des Résistances étrangères.
— D.A.O.: Direction d'Action Ouvrière.
— F.E.M.: Mouvements féminins.
— C.F.L.: Corps Francs de la Libération.

V *Directoire Régional*:
— Presse — Propagande — Diffusion.
— Service Social.
— F.P.: Faux papiers.
— N.A.P. Noyautage des Administrations Publique.
— S.R.: Service Renseignements.
— B.O.A. Bureau d'Appelation Aérienne.
— A.O.: Action Ouvrière.
— Etrangers: Centre d'Action des Résistances Etrangères.
— F.E.M.: Mouvements féminins.
— C.F.L.: Corps Francs de la Libération.
— F.F.I.: Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur.

V *Directoire Départemental.*

ETAT MAJOR DU GENERAL KOENIG
(Alger)

D.M.N. (Délégué Militaire National)
— *Etat-Major F.F.I.*: A.S.: Armée Secrète.
— COMAC: F.T.P. Francs-Tireurs et Partisans.
O.R.A. Organisation de la Résistance dans l'Armée.

V 1er Bureau.
2e Bureau.
3e Bureau.
4e Bureau.

D.M.R. (Délégué Militaire Régional.)
D.M.D. (Délégué Militaire Départemental.)

BRITAIN'S ATTITUDE TO FRANCE?

EMANUEL SHINWELL

This prophetic article was written recently for the new French illustrated weekly, *Le Monde Illustré*. Its importance is increased since Mr. Shinwell's appointment as Minister of Fuel and Power

WHAT is the prevailing mood of the people of England towards the people of France? Is it friendly, resentful or indifferent? Which one of these emotions is reflected in present events? Is there a disposition among the English people to regard the tragic plight of France as the exclusive concern of the French people? Let us inquire whether there exists a general appreciation among English people that hunger, nay a situation akin to real starvation, stalks the industrial centres of France; that the Vichy-Nazi combination has left a legacy of grave social maladjustment; that France has suffered hard blows from enemy and friend alike, and that in the period of actual liberation there exists a vast accumulation of problems, social, industrial and administrative, and an ordeal more trying than anything experienced in France for over a century?

To ignore these issues is blind folly, nor is it enough to wait for an answer following the deliberations of International Conferences, or rely upon agreements which may emerge from the creation of an International organisation.

The plight of France cannot be corrected by the issue of a post-dated cheque. Want and hunger will not disappear by uttering platitudes, nor by the incantation of high-sounding slogans professing international friendships.

No doubt France, like Britain, will require the formulation of a long-term interval and International policy. That must come in due course, but there is a grave and urgent situation that calls for action by the friends of France, among whom the English people, for a variety of reasons, occupies a leading place in the queue.

The facts are no longer in question, though the official channels were for a long time definitely unresponsive. When, after the partial liberation, questions were asked in the British Parliament on the food position in French liberated territory, a security silence overshadowed the scene. Then again, when France was wholly liberated from the presence of the enemy, military reasons dictated the answers to questions. These answers were innocuous, even inaccurate, and seldom illuminated the subject with any indication of the United Nations' intentions. Indeed, there was a marked tendency to underwrite the position, while statements of an official character reflecting on French internal administration were not uncommon, conveying the impression that if excessive distress existed, it was largely the fault of the French Government and the provincial administration.

But facts, however unpalatable, have a habit of coming to the surface. The more liberal English newspapers (I use the term liberal in no party sense) disclosed information of an alarming kind; some Englishmen who had paid short visits to France returned with vivid descriptions of what they had seen and heard; the facts no longer left any room for doubt.

Though enlightened opinion in Britain was fully cognisant of the position in France, it must be admitted that a process of denigration was actively pursued by certain elements of the press. It was sought to prove that much of the trouble was due to hoarders; that profitable Black Market traffic provided the inspiration to conceal from the poorer consumers supplies that on a fair distribution might have provided a fair subsistence level for all.

Undoubtedly this contained an element of truth, sufficient to support the charges levelled against the French administration that no serious effort was being made to deal drastically with food hoarders. But when Mr. Attlee gave an objective account of the grave situation throughout the liberated territories, these erroneous, and certainly exaggerated, impressions were corrected. Even the fairest distribution of available supplies of foodstuffs, coal and other necessaries would not have proved adequate for the needs of the whole of the French population.

Any Englishman who seeks to inspire hostility towards France is doing an ill-service to his own country, and the same applies to Frenchmen in their attitude towards Britain. The fate of both nations is intertwined. Even though much-needed relief appears to be delayed, tolerance and wise understanding are essential. Anglo-French relations must not be impaired but ever more strongly cemented if both nations are to play an active part in the moral leadership of the world, and, in particular, in European affairs.

I shall not deny that during the war grave

misunderstandings have emerged which threatened to destroy the foundations of Anglo-French unity. To do otherwise is to discard reality. Faults were manifest on both sides, some which might have been avoided by conscious action, others incapable of correction that arose inevitably from the pre-war period, when in both countries the policy of appeasement was pursued, while financial interests believed it was to their advantage to collaborate with Nazis with similar axes to grind, regardless of the consequences to their own country.

Are we not gratified to learn from reports made available to us that French people encountered by members of the British Forces have displayed feelings of the utmost friendliness for the British people? Viewing the circumstances of the war in retrospect, this denotes a forbearance, judgment and humanity that is truly astonishing.

I can imagine many incidents that would have adversely affected the judgment of the British people if they, instead of the French, had been the victims.

During the occupation we were unfortunately compelled to treat friend and foe alike. It was with no light heart that the Royal Air Force embarked on the sustained bombing of French territory. Many Frenchmen, women and children suffered under those assaults which, though deadly, were unavoidable. If for no other reason than this, Britain bears the moral responsibility of providing succour to the uttermost limit, even if it represents some additional sacrifice.

There are other regrettable episodes which we should like to forget, and no doubt will forget, but time is an infallible healer of old wounds. Moreover, we shall be fortified by our need for each other in the troublous times that lie ahead. Nothing will be gained by recriminations.

What of the future France? When General Smuts, in what was regarded as an ill-conceived and obviously premature pronouncement, declared that France would never again be a great Power, I was among the first to express disagreement. No doubt the worthy General, whose qualities are varied and wholly to be admired, would now be ready to admit his error. Bismarck used similar language after 1870, but as we, and Germany know, the 'Man of Iron' was not an accurate prophet.

Are we to blame the people of France for the defection and treachery that led to the devastating defeats of 1940, and the dark days of Dunkirk which inspired the fears so vividly expressed by Churchill that Britain would continue the fight 'on the hills, and on the beaches'? No, the people of France are as blameless as the people of Britain. They put their trust in Governments, which in a crisis were found to be unreliable.

If there is any lesson to be learned, it is that the people must watch with ever-increasing vigilance the activities and policies of their Governments, and be ready to apply correctives when even the most incipient signs of defection appear. I have no doubt that the French people have fully digested events and my conviction is that the people of Britain will not lag far behind.

I remind my readers of Mr. Churchill's statement that 'the prosperity and security of France are a vital necessity for Britain.' Yet even Mr. Churchill was less than enthusiastic about France after Dunkirk.

Under the régime of the Provisional Government France has successfully upheld her independence. She had the courage to decline to play the part of courtesy hostess to the San Francisco Conference, a gesture which disturbed the traditionalists, but was consistent with the convictions of a nation that had emerged from its tribulations with some measure of self-respect. Thus France proclaimed the right of a nation to take her legitimate place in world affairs, not as a pawn in the game, but as an equal.

Within the framework of the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter, France is assuredly entitled to the prospect of liberty and social development in circumstances of rehabilitation and economic security. This cannot be achieved in isolation; it demands close and harmonious association with her neighbours. But the aid she seeks must be accorded not as an act of charity, nor in the spirit of alms given to a poorer relation. It must be based on reciprocity. Britain cannot live without France nor can France revive without the active support of Britain.

Three clearly-defined principles serve as a guide for the people of both countries. These are: the preservation of democracy, the creation of an international authority armed with power to resist aggression and capable of maintaining peace, and the assurance of prosperity for all their citizens.

Nothing could be more fatal to the interests of Britain than a condition of social unrest throughout the European zone. Unhappily there exist all the possibilities of large-scale disorder when millions of people are stupified by the pangs of hunger; when many remain idle while so much work requires to be done; and when reaction, which during the early stages of liberation and in the face of the Resistance Movement ducked its head, once more emerges and seeks to gain from

the prevailing confusion. It would be doing less than justice to the facts if we ignored the possibility that there are some persons in Britain who would welcome a period of grave disorder in France, which in due course, after dissipating itself in excesses, would be replaced by so-called saner elements.

Fortunately, there is abundant evidence that, within a comparatively short period, progressive opinion in Britain will evoke a change of Government that is not only ready to profess friendship for France, but will translate that emotion into a tangible form.

Before the war trading relations between both countries were on a high level. Provided that British industry is given a chance, we may confidently expect a return to normal conditions.

The assumption that Britain will be a poor country after the war is definitely erroneous. Notwithstanding the exhaustion of foreign assets, her industrial equipment, enormously increased during the war, will be hard pressed to meet the demands of consumption.

As a nation Britain is in possession of vast resources, and an unsurpassed record of inventive genius; we have a team of highly-skilled technicians and workmen who will bear comparison with those of any other country. Those splendid assets, which have been revealed with emphasis through the grim test of war, will be carried over into the coming peace. There is no need to harbour undue pessimism regarding the future of Britain's economic position. Britain will continue to figure prominently as a great manufacturing nation, and in particular as a vast market available to other nations.

The provision of trading agreements between the two countries on a mutually satisfactory basis is an essential step towards economic recovery. The measures already taken by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer in agreement with M. Pleven, the French Minister of Finance, though of a minor character and almost exclusively related to finance, are a portent of what can be achieved.

But immediate aid to enable French industry to revive is imperative. That means the provision of jigs and tools, of locomotives and road vehicles, of spare parts, and above all, of ample supplies of coal, until the day dawns when French coal mines are fully equipped and can make their own contribution to the needs of French industry.

I am not so sure that the policy of destroying German industrial plant is a wise one. No doubt much of the destruction is unavoidable, yet it is from this source that France has the moral right to draw.

On the other hand, unless the present policy of drift is arrested, and some machinery for mutual economic recovery is established, the prospects of active co-operation will become less favourable. There are influential interests in both countries who prefer to look further afield; some who pin their faith on multilateral arrangements, others who for one reason or another rely on extreme ideologies. Yet the facts are outstanding: France is in urgent need of supplies which without inflicting industrial injury on herself Britain could afford to furnish, while intimate collaboration would assist in restoring the basis of economic recovery throughout Europe, which in the long run would redound to the advantage of British industry.

It should be understood that such co-operation would not be exclusive, or ignore the paramount necessity of reorganising the industrial activities of other countries. Yet the hopes of economic and social expansion that reside in the breasts of the smaller nations of Europe depend largely on the stimlus provided by Britain and France.

An acute division between them, or the inability to reach an understanding may have an adverse effect on the peace of Europe; it will assuredly retard economic development and produce a crop of weeds as difficult to uproot as the Nazi philosphy.

It cannot be disputed that the internal political position in France is causing some anxiety in British circles, not necessarily official, but among those sections of the British people who long for an enduring peace and who are conscious of the need for stability in French politics. To interfere in the domestic affairs of France is an unfriendly act; to offer advice an impertinence that would be inexcusable. The coming French election may produce a Government of the Left with a majority capable of evoking unity for a sufficiently long period to provide that breathing space which France so urgently requires. On the other hand, no Party may have a clear majority. Whatever the result, Britain's course is clear. It is to bring speedy relief to the people of France; to assist in the revival of French industry; to promote healthy trading relations between the two countries and to join with France in a determined endeavour to destroy every vestige of Nazism that lingers on after the foul authors of this terrible conflict, who have brought so much suffering to the people of Europe, have been ruthlessly liquidated.

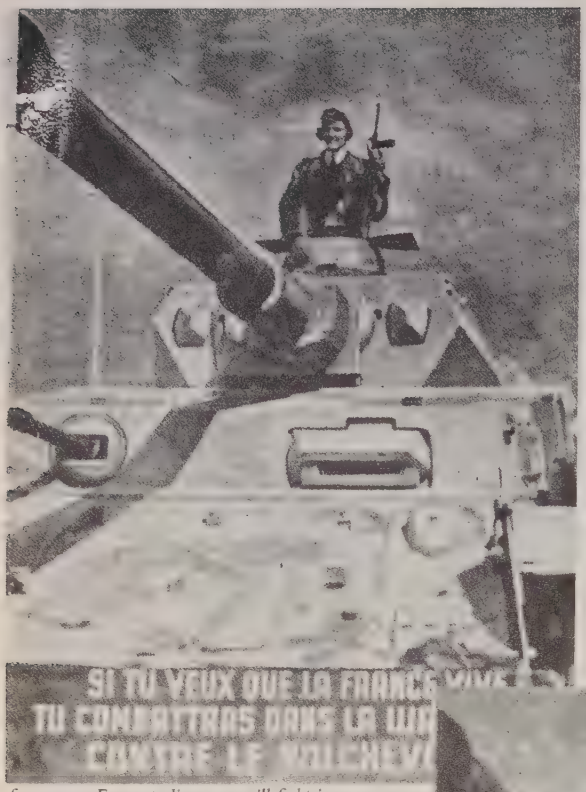
The French people may rest assured: they have many friends in Great Britain who will not forsake them in their hour of need.

(III) THE BATTLE OF POSTERS

'All over the world it is the Englishman who brings wounds and tears'

'It is the English who have done this to us.' (Meanwhile don't tear down the poster—or else—)

'Have confidence in the German soldier!'



f you want France to live, you will fight in e Waffen S.S. against Bolshevism'

Patriots have altered this to read: '. . . You will fight against the Boche!'

THE FRENCH IN FEVERLAND

THE French continue to struggle forward in Madagascar. The Republic sent 15,000 men in a perfectly equipped expedition to chastise the Hovas, and to assert the majesty of France in their capital. The expedition was equipped to fight the Hovas; it was not prepared to contend against the only effective ally upon whose help their enemies confidently relied. The fever of the lowlands, through which the expedition had to force its way, has cost France in invalided soldiers one-half of her expedition. Every letter from the front tells a ghastly story of human suffering. No work could be got out of the native tribes. Coolies were imported and worked to death, while the wretched soldiers, toiling hard under a tropical sun in making roads through marshes heavy with malaria, went down like rotten sheep. Many of them went mad, and wandered about the camp pleased with the happy delusion that they were the most fortunate of men, laughing and talking to every one of their immense good fortune. Although seven thousand Frenchmen were placed *hors de combat* by fever, it is doubtful whether seven have been killed or wounded by the weapons of the Hovas.

ANARCHY AT HEADQUARTERS

ALL the squalid horrors of the fever-stricken French camp pale, however, into insignificance beside the picture which the expedition affords of the chaos prevailing in the high places of the French Government. It is frankly admitted by the Parisian Press that the three Government departments—that of the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Marine, and the Ministry of Colonies—have been all at sixes and sevens, each more anxious to push its own men and carry out its own pet schemes than to promote the safety of the expedition, or to secure the triumph of the Republic.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE

LAST month the French held their autumn manœuvres upon a gigantic scale, almost within gunshot of the German frontier. But the military operations were insignificant compared with the political demonstrations for which they afforded the excuse. General Dragomiroff, representing the Russian Army, was the hero of the day, while the arrival of Prince Lobanoff, who is virtually vice-Tzar, seemed to supply the crowning demonstration of the reality of the Russo-French alliance.

RENAN AND HIS SISTER

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused by the publication, in the *Revue de Paris*, of Renan's correspondence with his much-loved sister Henriette. Probably no sister ever had a greater influence over a brother's life and career than had Mademoiselle Renan, and this although they were so much separated, the one being a governess in Poland, the other a collegian and seminarist in France.

THE LATE LOUIS PASTEUR

THE new portrait of the late M. Pasteur, the frontispiece to this number, represents him at the age of seventy-two. He had just been experiencing once more the inconveniences of fame, said the *Revue Illustrée* of 15th June. Having declined the German decoration of the order 'Pour le Mérite', he was surprised to find many people regarding his action in the matter as extraordinary patriotism.

Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald defends the French of today from the imputations cast upon their friendliness by Admiral Maxse. 'Both France and England,' says Admiral Fitzgerald, 'are blinded by Chauvinism and Jingoism, and the present attitude of both countries is puerile, unbecoming, and undignified.' *The National Review*

[In 1895 German comment on France was not always favourable. Neither was British! *Kladderadatsch* taunts France with the deaths in Madagascar]

LE GRAND MEAULNES

BY HENRI-ALAIN FOURNIER (1886-1914)

REVIEWED BY THOMAS WALTON

Le Grand Meaulnes was published in the autumn of 1913—less than a year before the author met his death, at the age of 27, in a German ambush on the Western Front. An English translation entitled *The Wanderer* appeared in 1929 and a recent French edition published in England has won many admirers for this strange story of adolescent love and loyalties and hero-worship in which the leading figures are François Seurel, the son of a village schoolmaster, his hero, Augustin Meaulnes, the gently-born Yvonne de Galais and her romantically-minded brother Frantz. The proof of the book, I suppose, is in the reading. I propose, therefore, not so much to 'review' *Le Grand Meaulnes* as to place it in relation to a certain period in the author's life which may be of particular interest to English readers.

* * *

'There are so many of our impressions of the past, enriched from all kinds of sources, that, when we can carry them no longer, we ev entually commit to paper,' Henri Fournier wrote to his friend Jacques Rivière in the autumn of 1906. And again, over a year later, he wrote: 'I am going to do some writing. I should like to express the mystery of the unknown world of my desire, and, as the world is compounded of memories and unconscious impressions, I should like to express the mystery of those particular impressions the world has left upon me.'

It was, in fact, to illustrate her brother's use of memories and impressions that Mme. Isabelle Rivière published her delightful *Images d'Alain Fournier*, subtly interweaving quotations from *Le Grand Meaulnes*—often only half-a-dozen words, yet very significant—into her sketches of their family life in Paris or in a village in Sologne. In this way she accounts for many points, from the principal theme of Meaulnes' great love for Yvonne de Galais down to tiny details such as that of the village baker who swore that the gypsies had stolen some of her washing equipment.

There is, however, one period of her brother's life about which Mme. Rivière has little to say, simply because her book deals with events in which she had participated either directly or as confidante. Yet it would appear that the short period in question was probably one of the most significant in Fournier's life. I refer to the summer of 1905, when he spent three months in London.

It is clear from his letters that Fournier himself attached great importance to his visit, and it is not impossible that some of his experiences there may have found a place amongst the many 'memories and unconscious impressions' which found their way into *Le Grand Meaulnes*.

Fournier arrived in London early in July 1905, only a few weeks after he had received that profound emotional shock, the effects of which were to haunt him for the rest of his life and which was the real *point de départ* of *Le Grand Meaulnes*. On Thursday, 1 June, Ascension Day, he first saw Yvonne de Galais—'a branch of white lilac', slim, blonde, elegant, with her brown cloak and rose-trimmed hat and white sunshade. He had followed her, and the old lady who accompanied her, to their doorway in the Boulevard Saint Germain. After that, whenever he could get away from his *lycée* at Sceaux, he had come to Paris and stood outside her house, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. On Whit-Sunday morning he had summoned up enough courage to follow her to church at St. Germain des Prés and had dared to speak to her as she walked down a side-street to the Seine and along the embankment to the Pont des Invalides. He had told her his name and talked of the poems he had written. She told him her name—Yvonne de Galais. She belonged to a Toulon naval family and was spending Whitsun with her aunt. '*A quoi bon?*' was all she had been able to reply to his protestation of love and, as she left him at the Pont des Invalides, '*Il faut nous quitter. Nous sommes deux enfants. Nous avons fait une folie.*' That was all. But it was the greatest moment in Henri Fournier's life. 'That love, so strangely born and expressed,' he wrote to his friend René Bichet, three years later, 'was so pure in its passion that it became almost excruciating to bear.'

When Fournier came to London, though, the experience could still be looked upon as a pleasant one. There was still some hope of seeing Yvonne de Galais again, perhaps even of talking to her, perhaps, who knows, of receiving some response more encouraging than '*A quoi bon?*'

So Fournier came to London in a happy mood, and contact with London, like the meeting with Yvonne de Galais, was a great experience which, he acknowledged later, 'broadened his outlook on life.'

For three months he was isolated socially, emotionally, intellectually, from all that was familiar to him. Socially, he was a Berrichon peasant; apart from the time he had spent in the *lycées* of Paris and Brest, he had lived his entire life in the country. This was the first time, in eighteen years, that he had not spent August and September at his grandmother's cottage in Sologne. Intellectually, he was like any '*cagneux*' of any French *lycée*, steeped in literature—Claudel, Henri de Régnier, Laforgue, Dickens, Kipling and Wells. His emotional state we know—he was in love with a '*princesse lointaine*'. Socially, emotionally, intellectually, London was to prove a touchstone.

Fournier lived at 5 Brandenburg (now Burlington) Road, Gunnersbury, as paying guest in the family of Mr. J. J. Nightingale (always referred to as 'Mr. N.' in Fournier's correspondence), secretary to the firm of A. Sanderson and Sons, wallpaper manufacturers, Turnham Green. Fournier worked in the factory office as foreign correspondence clerk. His days were well filled, and after tea in the evenings he would give an hour's French lesson to Mr. Nightingale—both sitting on rocking-chairs on the lawn at the back of the house—and afterwards go for a walk perhaps as far as Richmond or along the leafy suburban roads around Grove Park, with a Mr. Curtis, who, he says, was twenty-two, witty, clean-shaven and smoked a pipe. On Saturday afternoons he would visit the London art galleries where he developed his already keen appreciation of the Pre-Raphaelites, was thrilled by the work of Turner and Watts and '*emballé*', characteristically enough, by Constable's 'Valley Farm'. Sundays he spent reading, or writing letters.

He seems to have met no one with whom he could talk of art and literature as with an equal. Two old ladies, teachers of French and neighbours of the Nightingales, told him they admired *Télémaque* and that they understood Maeterlinck was a great philosopher. Everybody admired the great genius of Alexandre Dumas, but Kipling, it appeared, was merely 'a writer of soldiers' yarns and stories for children'. That was about all the intellectual stimulus Fournier got from his associates in Chiswick.

It was almost certainly this spiritual isolation which led him to think very seriously about his own literary production. In pleasant but Philistine Chiswick, there was nothing to distract his intellectual energy. His work at the office, though carefully done, no doubt, did not absorb him entirely, and so we find him writing to Jacques Rivière, one Sunday in August, a detailed discussion of his literary projects. He will write a novel, and Laforgue, not Dickens or Goncourt, shall be his model.

When, in this letter, he sets out to define what he means by dreams—'a vision from the past, hopes, a reverie of long ago returning and meeting a vision departing, a memory of an afternoon meeting, the whiteness of a sunshade, the freshness of another thought'—we feel that Yvonne de Galais was not far from his mind. But when, still in the same letter, he goes on to describe in affectionate detail his grandmother's cottage at La Chapelle d'Angillon and his Uncle Florent's enormous general store at Nançay, we recognise a preliminary sketch of the setting of *Le Grand Meaulnes*; we can even sense the presence of François Seurel. Already, at the end of July, he had written to his parents that, apart from the language question, he was living mostly in the past, re-living all his memories, and had described the villas of Gunnersbury as '*absolument de petits châteaux du Vieux Nançay, sans tourelles*'. Now he frankly admits to Jacques Rivière: 'It all comes back to me here, more keenly than ever, and with other quiet, sad memories, because I am away and alone.'

It is not hard to guess what those other memories were; they were the kind of memories that would have followed him even to Nançay or La Chapelle d'Angillon; but it is certain that Fournier's contact with English life gave them a relief and an intensity which they might otherwise have lacked.

What greater contrast could he have found than Yvonne de Galais's firmly correct '*Nous avons fait une folie*', and the free-and-easy relationships between English boys and girls? What a difference between the English girl with her short print frock, and her bicycle and the 'silent, distant Frenchwoman, so feminine in her dark-coloured gown'! Yet it was the French girl he preferred. The cheerful, friendly English girls he met at the office or at local functions he attended with the Nightingales only made him cling more firmly to his ideal, distant princess. His nights were haunted by Her vision. His days, too, were soon filled with thoughts of Her. And at last he found he was able to settle down, when actually in the office, amid his chaffing and joking English colleagues and compose parts of his most important poem, *A travers les étés*, in which, he said, he had expressed all he had to say about Her.

Six months after his return to France he described to Rivière how, one sultry Sunday afternoon in London, his mind was so obsessed with thoughts of Yvonne de Galais that he had to swallow back his tears to ask a policeman the way. 'There she would be,' he thought, '. . . and I should lay my head upon her breast, and it would be just as if I had told her everything, all those thoughts, big with love and regrets, that go out to tiny, everyday things: pots of mignonette on top of a wall, a cupboard with a squeaking door that smells of bread and cheese.'

Such an immediate and complete understanding was for Fournier the basis of the perfect love-match. In that same letter to Rivière he recalls another of his London experiences which is especially significant since it touches upon that image of simple domestic felicity which, after that of Yvonne de Galais, was always uppermost in his mind. It recurs time and again in his letters, and plays an important part in the spiritual make-up of François Seurel. 'I do not think,' he wrote, 'that I have ever loved and forgiven people who get married as I did one evening in a row of English villas—half town, half country—as I pictured a young married couple coming home after visiting relations in the town, taking a short cut to their village, the husband helping his wife to jump over the puddles. And I thought—they will recall that pleasant memory, and many others too, thirty years from now. By then one word will be enough for each to tell the other's thought, with the myriad well-known details which really *are* one's thought and heart.'

Perhaps even the quiet home life of the Nightingales made its contribution to Fournier's domestic ideal, for he wrote affectionately of certain evenings at Brandenburg Road when 'Mr. and Mrs. N.' played the flute and the piano while he sat quietly reading as he listened.

One cannot read Fournier's accounts of his reactions during his stay in London without relating them in a general way to *Le Grand Meaulnes*. It is also possible to note the precise detail which enables us to trace certain phrases of the book direct to Fournier's London experiences.

In his description of the strange wedding feast arranged for Frantz de Galais at which the children were allowed to order exactly what they pleased, Fournier might easily have been thinking of some of the over-dainty meals served by 'Mrs. N.', for he wrote to his parents that English meals always made him think he was eating with children who had been given permission to order their own meals and had consequently turned all their dinners into *dinettes!*

His account of this picnic arranged by François Seurel's uncle at which Meaulnes was to meet Yvonne de Galais for the second time and at which Florentin had tried 'as of old, to mingle rich and poor, gentry and peasants', might perhaps owe something to the Staff flower-show and garden party given by the firm of Sanderson and Sons at the Bleak House Club, Chiswick, in July 1905. There, too, he told Jacques Rivière, 'every year for the last four years they have tried to get gentlemen and workmen to mix—but they don't mix very well!'

One point is quite certain, one detail worthy of being added to those noted by Mme. Rivière in *Images d'Alain Fournier*. The Directoire bonnets with ribbons which tie under the chin, worn by some of the little girls at Frantz's fantastic wedding feast, were transplanted straight from London where Fournier had seen one worn very effectively by some pretty Chiswick girl at a fête in the grounds of the Gunnersbury Congregational Church. He told his parents that particular Directoire fashion was '*ravissant*'. To Jacques Rivière he wrote more expansively, describing his English conversation with the wearer of the ravishing bonnet and concluding that he had spent in her company an hour of a very particular pleasure which he could only describe, 'perhaps on account of the church and the bonnet, as "methodist".' Then, characteristically enough, he told Rivière how he took leave of her—'I am very glad to have met you'—and made his way back to Brandenburg Road alone, but not unhappy, thinking of 'nothing but the Seine, an avenue in Paris, and Toulon'—in other words: Yvonne de Galais.

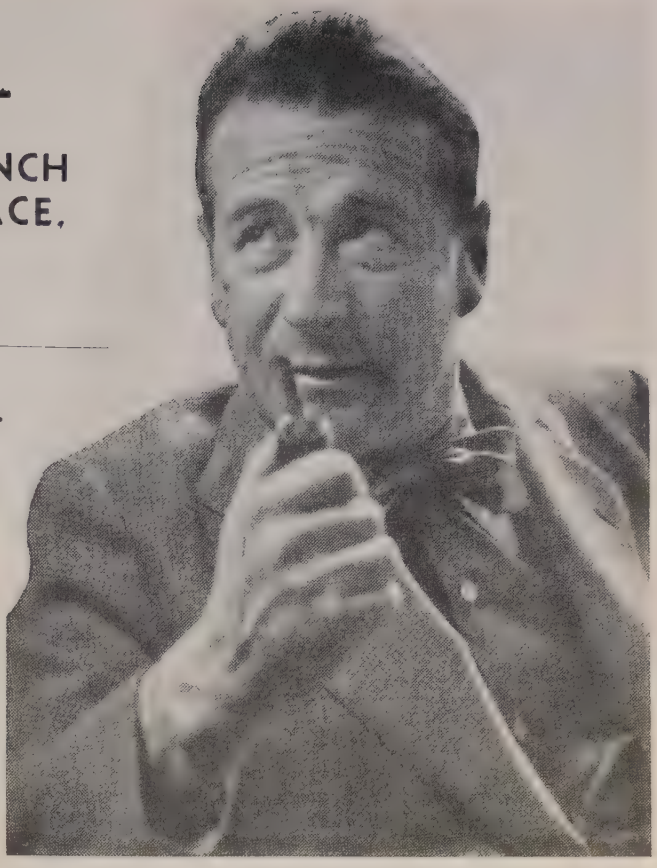
* * *

When Fournier returned to France in September 1905, he left behind, somewhat to his amusement, an excellent impression of a likeable young man with gentlemanly manners and a studious disposition, who would have made a successful business man. He carried away with him, however, a whole treasury of emotions and impressions which were only to be enriched by the passing of years. It was not until 1910 that he settled down to the real task of writing *Le Grand Meaulnes* which he described as 'a simple story which might have been my own', adding: 'and the best of it is, everything is there, *all me* in quintessence, not just *one* of my ideas!' Yet another two and a half years were to pass before the book was finished and finally published—the outcome of a quest for *le temps perdu* started in London in 1905.

SIMENON—

IS HE THE FRENCH EDGAR WALLACE, OR THE NEW BALZAC?

Exclusive interview by
TERENCE KILMART
of *World Review*



SIMENON, *the French writer whom everybody in England is beginning to talk about, especially photographed for* World Review *by Francis Reiss the other day at his London hotel*

It is always a fascinating experience to meet a writer whose work has interested one and to compare the man as he really is with the mental image of him that one forms from reading his books. I had such an experience lately on meeting M. Georges Simenon, the well-known French novelist, during his recent visit to London on his way to Canada and Hollywood, where one of his stories is to be filmed.

M. Simenon is one of the most curious phenomena in the French literary world. He is known universally as a writer of crime stories, which he has been turning out for the last twenty-five years at an average rate of about one a month; his Inspector Maigret is almost as renowned a figure in the world of detective fiction as Sherlock Holmes; his books have been translated into eighteen languages, and twenty-two of them have been filmed. If this were all, one could dismiss Simenon as merely a second Edgar Wallace. But he is something very much more than that. Not only can he stand up to Wallace on his own ground—he is equally popular, even more prolific, and his stories, though never too violently improbable, are just as exciting—but he is also a serious student of human nature, an adept at analysing the motives and mentality that lead to crime.

My interview with M. Simenon took place in the hectic atmosphere of the Savoy Hotel. It was a high-speed interview, conducted largely in the bar, in corridors and in lifts, with a short intermission in M. Simenon's suite. I found him in the foyer, sitting at a table with three other men conducting a rapid business transaction. When this was settled, he rushed towards me with outstretched hand and immediately whisked me into the bar, where he ordered some large whiskies. I had hardly realised they had been served when I saw him replace his empty glass on the counter and turn to go. I drained my own in one long gulp and followed him towards the lift. Our conversation was already in full swing. He was talking volubly, answering my

first, rather banal questions and giving me his impressions of London—strange impressions, I thought; he professed to find it so gay and cheerful after the gloom and despondency of Paris. His final verdict, however, was somewhat damning in the faintness of its praise. '*Harmonieux*,' he called it, '*comme une grande ville de province*.' Harmonious!

Installed in his room, we were able to talk more freely and I could begin to take stock of him. In appearance he is typically French, of the heavy, thick-set type, with a large head, bland, fleshy face, broad forehead, thin, rather sardonic mouth and smallish, hooded eyes full of good-natured irony and entirely devoid of illusion. I have said typically French, though in fact M. Simenon was born in Belgium of a Breton father and a Dutch mother, and is still a Belgian subject. Comparing him with the preconceived mental picture I had formed of him, I found that I hadn't been far wrong. Perhaps I had expected someone a shade less immediately likeable and unassuming, a rather more cynical, patronising type. But on the whole I was not surprised. The clothes were certainly right: brick-coloured check suit with shirt and bow tie to match—and also the pipe, which he brandished about expressively.

We discussed his literary technique, and M. Simenon confirmed all the reports that have been published about his amazing productivity. His first story was written at the age of 16½, and now, at 42, with who knows how many years of life ahead of him, he has more than 250 publications to his credit. He writes at a prodigious speed—ten days work at two or three hours a day and a novel is finished. His present output is six books per year, of which only one is a Maigret story. These detective stories, he told me, were written with no other object than to make money, but it was always his real ambition to produce novels of a wider, more serious scope, and he has lately begun to realise that ambition.

What interests M. Simenon chiefly is the study of the more unpleasant side of human nature—the Hyde aspect; he is completely obsessed with it. '*Je cherche l'homme*,' he told me, '*l'homme tout nu*.' '*Un peu trop nu, n'est-ce pas?*' I suggested tentatively. '*Peut-être*,' he said, '*mais l'homme habillé ne m'intéressé pas . . . l'homme est toujours inférieur à son destin*', or rather, as we know only too well, he is never able to catch up with his dreams, and is continually chasing after insubstantial shadows, unattainable desires. The normal man, however, as I remarked to M. Simenon, usually manages to come to some sort of compromise with life, resigning himself to all its inevitable deceptions. Not so M. Simenon's characters; they generally go off the deep end.

I wonder, speaking of this, whether M. Simenon will ever be a really important writer. He has technical ability of a high order and a deep insight into human nature. He is still in the prime of life and he clearly intends to attempt (in fact he has already begun to attempt) something more than the slick, best-selling stuff of his earlier years. But this obsession with humanity in the raw, with the seamy side of life, may tend to restrict his development. Comparing him, at his best, with a writer like François Mauriac, to whom he bears a more than superficial resemblance, one notes that the latter, for all his profound pessimism, possesses a quality which is sadly lacking in Simenon's work—the quality of pity. The picture of human nature presented in Mauriac's novels is indeed bleak, but it is softened to some extent by the realisation that, even for the worst sinner, salvation lies just round the corner; whereas with Simenon there is no relenting—his characters seem quite beyond redemption. I ventured to suggest this comparison to him, but he disagreed. In his opinion, Mauriac was far the greater pessimist—'*moi, au contraire, j'ai confiance en l'homme*.

However that may be, there is another defect in M. Simenon's recent novels which has, I think, so far prevented him from becoming a really important writer. In a review of *Le Testament Donadieu* (recently published in an English translation under the title *The Shadow Falls*, and regarded as Simenon's most ambitious effort up to date) Mr. Desmond MacCarthy laid a finger on this weakness. 'I read it with excited interest,' he wrote, 'constantly delighted by M. Simenon's adroit economy of phrase and vivid rapidity in narrative'. . . but 'it is impossible to write a wide and deep story about life if your first care is always to stimulate attention. M. Simenon in *The Shadow Falls* has paid the penalty (self-imposed) of his training as a popular novelist. He has missed true success.'

Yes, it looks as though M. Simenon is the victim of his immense, but too facile success. Popularity, with its necessary corollary overproduction, is one of the worst enemies of true literature. If in the future he can persuade himself to restrict his output and sacrifice some of his popularity, perhaps M. Simenon will give us novels that will survive. If not, however, we shan't really mind, for we shall continue to be entertained by his stories, even if they fail to leave a deep and lasting impression on our minds.

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REVIEWED BY HENRY MILLER

Journal de Guerre, by Jean Malaquais. Edit. Maison Française, N.Y., 1943.

Pilote de Guerre, by Antoine de St. Exupéry, Edit. Maison Française, N.Y., 1942.

Le Silence de la Mer, by Vercors. Editions de Minuit, N.Y., 1943.

Les Mouches, by Jean-Paul Sartre, Gallimard, Paris, 1943.

Huis Clos, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Gallimard, Paris, 1945.

L'Etranger, by Albert Camus (in its 25th edition —1944). Gallimard, Paris, 1942.

AMONG the few war books destined to survive I would include these two: St. Exupéry's *Pilote de Guerre* and Jean Malaquais' *Journal de Guerre*. The poignant descriptions of defeat recorded by these two sensitive spirits are heightened by forebodings of a defeat still more terrible—the defeat of man. Together with the playwright, Jean-Paul Sartre, these authors shift the responsibility for victory or defeat back to man the individual. Each in his way asserts the imperishable freedom of man and attempts to deliver him from the bondage of guilt, of collective security, or empty principles or traditions, as well as from the stigma of supine acquiescence to forces which are not his own. Malaquais' description of the débâcle is that of a participant who, despite all heartbreak, can still encompass the catastrophe with a clear eye. The keynote of his savage, bitter diary is the torment inflicted upon a sensitive individual by the dull, stupid routine of army life and the enforced association with men who have lost their dignity as individuals through becoming soldiers. The penalty he is obliged to pay for preserving his integrity as a man is the alienation of his comrades. In general, he succeeds in making himself detested by officers and men alike. In the midst of the disaster his attitude towards his comrades-in-arms changes. He suddenly notices that, although they are still in uniform, they are no longer soldiers . . . they have become human again. 'I think,' he remarks, 'that what is foul, unspeakable and tragic about war is not war itself but the humiliating abasement which it gives rise to.' His reflections and observations cover a wide range and are always provocative. Not the least interesting are his comments on certain books and authors, which include such names as Breton, Kafka, Defoe, Swift, Apollinaire, Giraudoux, Wassermann, Giono. He is as pitiless with himself as he is with others, nor does he mince words in pointing out the defects of his superior officers.

With St. Exupéry's last book, now widely known throughout the English-speaking world in translation, we breathe the rarefied air of the liberated individual. The lesson of defeat is given in terms of triumph and exaltation. What distinguishes it from other accounts of the defeat is that the author, a man of action, who pretends to be neither greater nor lesser than his fellow countrymen, attains full stature as a man by virtue of assuming unequivocal responsibility for the disaster in his capacity of soldier, Frenchman, member of civilised society, individual and man. Like Malaquais, he too has his moments of bitter judgment, but these are dissolved in the illumination which comes as a result of his seemingly futile mission—the flight to Arras. Never does he cease to admire and exalt the superhuman efforts of his co-pilots, nor to humble himself before them in spirit. These legendary, anonymous figures instruct him by force of their example; through the transparent nobility and dignity of their acts he gains insight into the true meaning of sacrifice which, he declares, is neither amputation nor penitence. Sacrifice, he says, is essentially an act; it is the gift of oneself to the Being one pretends to honour. For Being, he asserts, is not of the empire of language but of acts. The humanism which our culture exalted failed precisely because it was not grounded in the acts of individual men. What has become of the glorious image of Man born of God? What have we to substitute today for the religion of the State or the religion of the Masses? From a conception of humanity based on Man, he declares, we have regressed to a conception of the ant-hill, the collectivity of meaningless number. When a people surrenders its spiritual heritage, it loses its genius. If the world lacked soul, then France ought to have made herself the soul of the world. Each man must answer for all, just as all must be willing to sacrifice themselves for the one. High words, these, written in the face of death, and

proof that humility is not self-denigration but the very principle of action.

Instead of '*J'accuse*' we read '*I am responsible.*' Which means that you, me, all of us are equally responsible. Instead of talking about a better and stronger Maginot line, St. Exupéry talks of restoring men's faith in God. Look not to America or the United Nations—look within! Be done with polemics, be done with reproaches and recriminations—fortify yourself inwardly! The community of Man is made up of individual men: Man comes before nation, creed or principle. Inspiring as his attitude is, it does not mitigate the sinister picture of ensuing peace which he feels encroaching. Malaquais is of the same mind—he is constantly reiterating that the war will not end for fifteen or twenty years. St. Exupéry, however, puts it in apocalyptic terms. He defines the peace to come as a period without name which will be the end of everything—'an end which will never cease to end.' Little by little, he says, we are entering into a sort of rotten state of abeyance resembling Eternity. It is a peace which is already taking over like a leper.

The primacy of Man over and above the primacy of the individual, the state, or the collectivity, which is St. Exupéry's theme, gives rise to sombre reflections. Is it possible that in future wars the alignment of forces may not be clean cut, that instead of nation against nation, people against people, or coalition against coalition, we may find ourselves facing a disruption such as civil wars create? Is it possible that the whole planet may be engaged in a vast Civil War in which the *conscience* of man, and not his patriotism or ideologism, is at last aroused? Will this dire carnage bring about the pitiless extirpation of every man, woman and child in whom there is the least taint of a war-like spirit? Anything is possible in these next hundred years. Through fratricidal slaughter man may perhaps reach the point of exhaustion which will assure the burial of an instinct which has been his undoing since the day when he emerged from the cave. The fight to enter the Kingdom of Man is not made with tooth and claw but with spirit and enlightenment. Nothing is built on death and destruction—except empty glory. . . . These are the sort of ideas I carry away from a reading of St. Exupéry's book. I do not set them forth as his. But whoever is on the side of Man is privileged to increment his dreams through the vision of one who has described so nobly and eloquently the architecture of the human spirit.

A singularly disturbing work is the sensational little book called *Le Silence de la Mer* (*Put Out the Light,* in the English version), which was put out by the underground press during the occupation. There are three characters: a German officer, a cultured Frenchman and his niece in whose home the officer is billeted. The German is also cultured —to the finger-tips. He is a musician, a composer. He does all the talking; the other two maintain an unbreakable silence. This goes on for months. At the end, when von Ebrennac is leaving to rejoin his regiment—leaving for Hell, as he puts it—the German at last receives a spoken word. It is from the niece, and it is Adieu! the echo to his own Adieu! He has done everything, within the limits of dignity and self-respect, to woo his listeners. Because the latter adhere to a cruel and relentless silence, one cannot say that they are also *imperméable.* They are simply powerless to enter into open communication, even with a superior type of enemy. It must also be said that the silence of the Frenchman and his niece was not deliberated—it was dictated by something stronger than their own will. As a matter of fact, they suffer more from it than the German himself, one feels. This technique of silence has been presented to us as heroic and befitting under the circumstances. It may be, but it verges upon the inhuman. One wonders if this stout resistance was not a protective device against the fear of succumbing to something bigger than fraternisation or collaboration with the enemy. My own belief is that their obdurate silence has more affinities with the Maginot psychology than with the all-embracing power of the sea.

A striking contrast to the passive and, I repeat, almost inhuman rôle of these French characters is offered by Sartre's play, *Les Mouches,* in which Orestes, all action, all defiance and recklessness, is presented as the incarnation of human liberty and freedom. This play was performed at the *Théâtre de la Cité* during the occupation. It must have been a bit disconcerting to the German conquerors who attended the performances, especially the dialogue between Egisthus and Jupiter on 'the love of order' and what it entails. Sartre is at pains to make it clear that the crimes committed by the usurper of man's freedom and the crimes committed by the hero who restores man to his original freedom are of totally different orders. Orestes, though lawfully entitled to the throne, has no desire to reign over Argos, his native city. 'I want to be a king without domain, without subjects,' he says in his closing speech. 'Try to live,' he tells the assembled citizens. '*Tout est neuf ici, tout est à commencer.*' 'For me, too,' he adds, 'life is just beginning.' What happens to the Furies (*les mouches*) I prefer not to disclose, because with Sartre the end is always a *coup de maître,* and to reveal it

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would be to destroy the amazing effect which it has.

What distinguishes Sartre's work, in this as in his other play, *Huis Clos*, is space and sonority. He is a master of economy who knows how to make the simplest phrase vibrate. There is never any cloying, cluttered quality in scene, action or duologue. He makes the world his stage, not the street; he is concerned with the essential tragedy of man and not the accidental misfortunes inherent in historical or social milieu. In *Huis Clos* the action takes place in the after-world, in that real Hell which each one creates for himself. The three characters, two women and a man, are united in a room separated from the flames of Biblical Hell by a door. Their punishment consists in re-enacting, *ad perpetuum*, the drama which we witness. This is not to say that the play is without humour; the despair and the boredom are theirs, not ours.

There is a curious parallel between this play and the other in the distinction which Sartre makes between repetition and renewal, or recommencement. In the former, life begins with the other side of despair, in the knowledge that one is free, always has been, and that not even the gods can annul this unique birthright of man's. In the latter, the enslavement of one to another is made to assume the character of a *drame machinale* which repeats itself endlessly as long as there is guilt. The moral seems clear: that until man assumes full responsibility for his acts, good *and* evil, he can never partake of the freedom which is his. Life, indeed, only begins at this point. 'The most cowardly of assassins,' says Orestes, 'is he who acknowledges remorse.'

In *L'Etranger* we have to do with another kind of assassin, a sort of quiet, unassuming murderer, whose tale is told in the throttled, muffled language of the zombie which Hemingway ushered in and which Céline carried to apotheosis. The hero is what might be called an emotional defective, a man without desires, regrets or imagination; he is not malicious, vindictive or evil, simply one of those helpless creatures who invite misfortune through a certain pathological indifference to fate. The murder, which was condonable, is made to appear wanton and monstrous—not by the author but by the prosecutors for the State. The fact that the accused had sent his mother to a Retreat for the Aged, that he had gone to the movies to see Fernandel(!) the day after her burial, the fact that he had taken to bed with him that same night the girl who later becomes his fiancée . . . such trifles, represented as faults of character, are used against him. The trial is depicted with vengeful irony; the helpless victim whose life is at stake plays, as is often the case, an almost invisible part. But it is in his cell, while waiting for the day of execution, that the helpless scapegoat touches sombre depths. His reflections on the function of the guillotine ('*la machine est au même niveau que l'homme qui marche vers elle*') awaken the memory of a day when his father, carried away by morbid curiosity, had stolen off to witness a beheading, only to return and vomit the whole afternoon. Suddenly the prisoner comes to the realisation that nothing in life is more important than an execution, that in a sense it is the only really interesting thing for a man. If ever I escape my fate, he reflects, I shall want to attend every execution!

The last humiliation for him is the visit of the prison chaplain whom he has heretofore held at arm's length. Exasperated by the latter's empty words, unwilling to waste his last precious moments talking about a God he doesn't believe in, he vents the full measure of his hatred and disgust upon the priest. It is a dose of vitriol whose release permits him for the first time in his life to surrender 'to the tender indifference of the world'. His last hope is that there will be plenty of spectators when he marches to the guillotine, and that they will greet him with cries of hatred.

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If the countries of Western Europe are to combine in an effort to raise the standard of living, they must devise a policy designed to secure an efficient division of labour and to improve their methods and their tools of production.

The efficient division of labour means, broadly speaking, that each of the countries would concentrate on doing the things it can do most efficiently, that is, with the least waste of manpower and other resources. Inevitably co-operation in large-scale production would involve the formulation of a joint policy for the location of industries and for the marketing of their output. Controlled location has already been accepted as the official policy within Britain; there is no reason why, within limits, it should not be extended to Western Europe as a whole. The argument in favour of an efficient division of labour within Western Europe applies with equal force to the division of labour between Western Europe and the rest of the world. Indeed, a prosperous Europe would do more trade with the rest of the world than an impoverished group of isolated countries.

The Atomic Bomb?

In yesterday's world of small States England's position on the periphery of Europe gave her a very real authority that could, however, turn to grave disadvantage if another great State should gain ascendency on the Continent. Today she finds herself in the presence of a stratospheric war and mechanical achievements which at one stroke annihilate the advantages of her geographical position. The atomic bomb is in some sort a counter-stroke to these menaces. So long as its use remains an Anglo-Saxon monopoly, it will serve to restore the supremacy formerly assured by undisputed naval power; but only until the use of the bomb becomes general, when these dangers will be enormously increased.

Russia and the Dardanelles?

The Montreux Convention had a certain significance thirty years ago. Today it has none, nor had it even in 1936 since it ignored completely the aerial factor. In the age of aviation the Ægean Sea is reduced strategically to the dimensions of a strait. The establishment of the *Luftwaffe* in Crete and the Dodecanese Islands resulted in rendering the Ægean Sea and the Dardanelles inaccessible to the Allies. An air force, having at its disposal bases among the innumerable islands of the Ægean, in the south-west of the Balkan peninsula or even in the north-west of Anatolia, could easily block all traffic going or coming from the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. For Russia, the command of the Dardanelles would today have an essentially defensive value, but it has no longer any offensive value since a fleet, issuing from the Dardanelles in the direction of the Mediterranean, would have to traverse rather more than 300 miles of the Ægean Sea which could be dominated from the air as easily as the Dardanelles from the land. It is essentially a question of bases in Greece, in Turkey and in the Dodecanese Islands, a region within the British sphere of influence. Now the Dardanelles control not only the entrance of the Black Sea, but also the communications between Turkey and Greece. That this latter consideration is not absent from Russian calculations is shown by the fact that the Soviet Union demands not only bases in the Dardanelles, but also territorial modifications—not elsewhere specified—in favour of Bulgaria in Thrace. This latter, which separates Bulgaria from the Ægean Sea, is the point of union of Greece and Turkey. This is a problem affecting the Eastern Mediterranean outside of the Black Sea. The question of the Dardanelles is not one that can be settled by bilateral agreement. It touches not only Russian security in the Black Sea, but also British, and, to a less degree, French and American security in the Eastern Mediterranean. It affects Turkey above all since her whole position and even destiny in the world are indissolubly bound up with the Dardanelles.

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La France Libre

France a First-class Power Again?

THE strength of the strongest nation depends not only on its own absolute power, but also on what comes to it from its position among other nations. There is no country whose reserves of power are great enough to allow it to impose its will on all others. Today, and even more in the future, each of the Allies must reckon with its partners, and therefore must feel itself weakened by the weakening of France. In Europe France occupies a strategic position of the first rank. She links the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; she commands Western Europe; she is at an equal distance from the Atlantic group and the Eurasiatic group. Situated in the centre of the inhabited world, mid-way between the two most important industrial and demographic blocks, holding also the keys of that Arab world which is sandwiched in between Europe and the centre of Africa, her rôle is greater than it appears.

To draw all possible benefits from her geographical situation, to stake on that all her remaining forces, France has need of a solid internal structure. An intelligent foreign policy requires continuity, long preparations, much patience, a certain faculty of meeting reverses without blenching. If the shape of her institutions does not permit this gamble, France, thrust by the war into the rank of second-class powers, will never get the chance to win back to the first place.

La France Libre

Political Confusion

THE rupture of the union of resistance elements in the Mouvement de Libération Nationale (M.L.N.), the efforts of the 'States-General of French Renaissance' and of the Mouvement Unifié de la Résistance (M.U.R.) to re-establish this unity, the adhesion of the Socialist Party to the Union Démocrate et Socialiste de la Résistance (U.D.S.R.) in spite of the opposition of a strong minority, have brought about a state of political confusion about which the general public is becoming more and more concerned and on which it requires fuller information.

At the time of the liberation, it seemed as if France was moving towards a great left-wing front under the ægis of the resistance on the basis of the programme elaborated during the occupation by the Conseil National de la Résistance. This was to have comprised the two main resistance movements (the M.L.N. and the Front National), the Socialists, the Communists, the anti-Munich Radicals, the Catholic Democrats, etc. Thus, with a view to the abolition of the 'trusts' and with a broad plan of economic reconstruction, a 'Front Français' would have been established which would have constituted a wider, more comprehensive Front Populaire.

The split which occurred in the M.L.N. was due to two causes. First, the minister Frénay advocated the exclusion of the Communists, and secondly, at the time of the vote on the question of the subsidies for the Catholic schools, a certain number of Catholics in the M.L.N. broke away from the left-wing majority and voted with the Mouvement Républicain Populaire (M.R.P.), i.e. the Christian Democrats.

After innumerable discussions, the majority of the M.L.N. accorded the leadership of the movement to Petit, one of the 'dissident' Catholics, and Petit and Frénay excluded the left-wing elements who had voted against the subsidies and who were in favour of continued collaboration with the communists. The Socialists followed Petit and Frénay, and formed, together with an independent group known as the Organisation Civile et Militaire, a new movement known as the U.D.S.R., while the rest of the M.L.N. joined the Front National and the Communists to form the M.U.R., to which Herriot and the anti-Munich Radicals have since adhered.

Although the U.D.S.R. won the battle for Socialist support at the congress of the Socialist Party, it was not without strong opposition, 6,000 voting for the U.D.S.R. and 4,500 either voting against or abstaining.

Such is the present situation among the opposition groups: a split in the resistance movements, and a split in the Socialist Party. Against this, the position of the government is paradoxical. At first it seemed to incline towards the U.D.S.R. and favour an alliance of the Socialists and moderate Catholics against the M.U.R. But it has since entered into conflict with the U.D.S.R. on the question of proportional representation.

The efforts of the pro-Vichy elements, directed equally against the government and the resistance, tend naturally to aggravate the dissensions between the M.U.R. and the U.D.S.R. and they clearly hope to play the rôle of arbiter during the elections. The 'Pétainiste' right hopes to make its come-back through the disunity among the parties of the left. On the other hand, the C.G.T., deeply concerned over this left-wing disunity, has undertaken to work for a reprochement. There is still hope of a reconciliation between the U.D.S.R. and the M.U.R.

La Voix de Paris

Discomfiture of M. Palewski

THE reason why General de Gaulle has obstinately clung on to M. Palewski, although the latter controls his mail and taps his telephone conversations, is that the General imagines that his Chef de Cabinet, trained in the school of Paul Reynard, knows better than anyone how to cope with a recalcitrant parliament.

Unfortunately, with the Consultative Assembly M. Palewski's experience proved to be somewhat elementary; for it was through following his advice that the Government failed to get out of the impasse in its relations with the Assembly.

Since then, M. Palewski has been lying low, which is the best thing he could do; but it won't last. And the General has been thinking of choosing another political adviser. Ah! if only M. Edouard Herriot had been willing.

Le Canard Enchaîné

Letter from Lake Constance

THE First French Army's occupation headquarters in Germany is flourishing in Lindau, a charming mediæval town on an island in Lake Constance that has managed to come through from 1275 to 1945 without having been hit by a big war. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, the commander of the First Army, is using it as a sort of fancy foreign country seat. The French Gouvernement Militaire et Moral—the French have one more adjective in their occupational set-up than the rest of us Allies—has established its offices in the Altes Rathaus, new in 1436. It is a handsome building in a cobblestone street, with a high, V-shaped façade, stepped copings on either side, and, over its postern door, a faded, Gothic-lettered proverb still full of fine advice, since it counsels, in German, 'Cease doing evil and learn to do good.' This programme, with a certain up-to-date, realistic twist, is just about what the First French Army, as a matter of occupation policy, expects the former Nazis to get to work on. The French are more hostile to the Germans than we Anglo-Saxons; are more brusque, precise, and positive in their occupation ideas, and have probably been running their German show better. Certainly they are doing a more efficient job with the ex-Nazis than they are doing with their own people back home.

According to information recently given out by Lindau's Military and Moral Government, housed in what used to be Lindau's smart Nazi officers' club, the French are interested, first, in administering the Germans and seeing that they get food—not too much food, because the French have bitter recollections of the million French who died, mostly from starvation, in the German concentration camps—but enough food. The French policy is for the Germans to exist agriculturally, then industrially, and finally, if possible, intellectually. Their plan for re-educating the Germans will be affected by the way the Germans react in the early stages of the occupation and, in any case, will be more psychological than scholastic. (The French haven't enough paper to print schoolbooks for their own children, let alone textbooks for German adults.) The newspapers and broadcasts the French are now providing for the Germans are planned along a psychological line that goes as follows: no French propaganda is to be given to the Germans—nothing but pure news, in order 'to cause the phenomenon of disintoxication by pure objectivity.' The French have decided that now or never the Germans must learn to believe that facts and truth have value. More foreign news is given than French news, and local German news is featured. The French play up standard hometown stuff, such as who was married last week in the Dreifaltigkeitsberg Pilgrimage Church, near Tuttlingen; news of the production of butter and hay; and, as can happen, the regrettable incident of the war widow's little boy who was run over and killed in his village street by a French truck.

The French have succeeded better than the rest of us in choosing the least untrustworthy Germans to be burgomasters and the like, because of their special local screening service—their own prisoners of war in the area. At first the French automatically re-appointed any mayor who had been kicked out by the Nazis in 1933; now they incline to appoint men, even lacking administrative experience who, the French P.O.W.s say, listened to the B.B.C. or fed them decently or refused to go and gawk at Goering when he came to town. Knowing a bit about collaboration, the French refuse to employ the now eager collaborationists, whom we Americans seem to find so useful and whom they don't trust. They are also sceptical about employing the few anti-Nazis still alive, since they complicate the problem of governing with their denunciations and revenges. In general, the French have retained fewer of the pre-surrender German figures than we have.

The New Yorker

France's 'Gallup Poll' on Foreign Politics

Germany

French public opinion is wondering if the Allies are sufficiently in earnest in the matter of stern treatment of the German people. Of the Russian attitude there is no doubt—87% approved it in June 1945. Opinion is divided over England, though the largest section, nearly one half, is satisfied. As to the United States, the large majority of 82% against 9% consider that it is not sufficiently partisan. This attitude does not imply any particular hardness of heart on the part of the French people, only an imperious need of security. The whole of French opinion continues to devote particular attention to the problem of the left bank of the Rhine. Of the four solutions possible—annexation to France, the organisation of an independent territory under international control, an Allied military occupation for at least ten years, and demilitarisation, it is the second that gets the largest number of favourable, and the least number of adverse, votes in reply to a recent test of public opinion.

Collective Security

It is incontestable that the majority of French opinion favours collective security rather than bi-lateral pacts, 55% against 24%. The women have less confidence in an international organisation, 49%, and age groups give the following results:

20—34 years	60%
35—49 „	58%
50—64 „	54%
65 and over	51%

Collective security is mostly favoured by officials, 64%; industrial workers, 61%; peasants, 58%; while members of the liberal professions, 32%, and salaried employees, 31%—have greater faith in a system of alliances.

Syria

Asked: 'Who in your opinion is responsible for events in Syria?' replies were as follows:

England	65%
France	3%
Blame both sides	4%
The Anglo-Saxons ..	3%
Germany	3%
The Arabs	2%
Other causes, chiefly economic	8%

La France Libre

Does Humanity Progress?

The progress of humanity is a myth. It is only human hypocrisy that has progressed. Hitler would not have had himself represented, as did the Pharaohs on the monuments of ancient Egypt, as mutilating or killing his prisoners. He made of his atrocities no public spectacle for the edification of the people as did Torquemada with his *autadafes*. But the return to primitive barbarism in man is always possible under certain evil constellations and especially under the star of a new religion by which he can justify his ferocity.

The different nations have progressed more or less far from their common starting point in proportion to the sum of their wellbeing, more especially in the matter of assured food supplies. That is why, after the invasion of Germany by the Slavs of the East and the Anglo-Americans of the West, the terrified population all tried to flee towards the West. For, in spite of mass bombings of towns and peoples, the Anglo-Americans, being the most successful and the best-fed, are actually the most liberal and the least cruel, and therefore the least to be feared.

Princesse Marie Bonaparte
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FRANCE-AMÉRIQUE

Art in Paris Now

One's first impression of art in Paris is now, as always, an impression of relatively intense activity. After the first shock of defeat, which brought with it a certain amount of dispersal, the leading French painters seem to have settled down to a steady routine, working uninterruptedly throughout the occupation. Those suspected of political affiliations had to flee, either into hiding or to America: and this may account for the apparent eclipse of the surrealists, who are now very little in evidence in Paris. Breton is still in New York—Dali, Masson, Tanguy, Max Ernst, Paalen are all still somewhere on the other side of the Atlantic, which some of them reached only after narrow escapes from the Gestapo. Breton is expected back very shortly, and the presence of that dynamic intelligence will no doubt soon make a difference to the Paris scene.

Meanwhile the general trend might be described as reactionary, but reactionary only within the terms of the modern movement. The three great masters of that movement—Matisse, Picasso and Braque—are still supreme, and amazingly productive. None of the three seems to have lost any of his vitality, and though they tend to repeat themselves, they are all still far more inventive than any of the younger painters. They have scale, grandeur, inimitable ease. Faced by the magnitude of their achievement, the most recent generation of painters, those whose names are not yet familiar in this country, seem to be seeking the secret of these masters at its primitive source. They are returning for inspiration to what is now known as 'the classical epoch of cubism', and I do not remember any time in the past twenty years when cubism was so much in evidence.

I was just too late to see the Cubist Exhibition which had been held at the Galerie de France from 25 May onwards, but this had been an immense success, and the brilliant introduction to the catalogue written by Bernard Dorival serves as a vindication of the principles which emerged between 1911 and 1918, and which have since proved their generative power. These are principles which are capable of variation, of progressive development, and when young painters such as Esteve, Lapique, Bazain, Marchand and Pignon return to them, it is not slavishly to imitate the formulas and idioms of 1911. (By 'young painters' I should explain that for the most part I mean painters now approaching the age of forty: in France, as in this country, there is little evidence of artists of a still younger generation.) A painter like Edouard Pignon, who perhaps represents this tendency at its best, does not return to cubism in any merely eclectic or academic spirit. His work is rather a bold synthesis of cubism and that other dominant force in modern art which we call expressionism, whose foremost representative in France is a great master who fully deserves to be put on the same level as the three already mentioned: Georges Rouault. Pignon's latest work, which is far more developed than the canvas of 1943 illustrated, has a monumentality and spiritual power which we would not normally associate with the somewhat ascetic character of cubist painting in general. Rouault's influence is seen in the work of other young painters—notably in Bercot and Dubuffet. I was particularly impressed by Bercot's work, which admittedly is somewhat 'literary', but rich in colour and boldly realistic in detail.

The distinct influence of Paul Klee is at last observable in Paris; Dubuffet has some of his *naïveté*, but Manessier, Wols, and perhaps Le Moal are nearer to his sensitive palette and constructive vision. We must remember that Klee also passed through a cubist phase, though he is usually called an expressionist. It is difficult and perhaps unnecessary to disentangle all these influences. If modern art—more particularly, the contemporary movement in Western Europe—is to achieve the synthesis which it is groping

after, the individual achievements of expressionists like Rouault and Klee must be reconciled with the more formal standards of the cubist tradition. This holds true for surrealism, which has hitherto been intransigently individualistic, opposed to all academicism and formalism. But, after all, the greatest surrealist is still Picasso, who is also the greatest cubist. The struggle for a synthesis takes place within the all-embracing genius of Picasso, and in this respect art itself must follow the example of this prodigious child of our time.

I believe such a synthesis is extremely important, because, as poets and philosophers in France feel no less urgently than painters, Western Europe is called upon to demonstrate its cultural unity and vitality. Farther east and farther west there are immense material forces in the ascendant. It is futile to imagine that we in Western Europe can compete with these forces on their own materialistic level. But we might imbue them with the beauty and the logic of a great artistic tradition. The force of a tradition comes from its unity, its inner coherence. If I am not mistaken, there is in Paris now an effort, even a conscious effort, to achieve that state of grace. There is also a hope and even an expectation that we in Great Britain will join in the effort. The most immediate necessity is a free exchange of cultural products—paintings, books, plays—and a free circulation of the exponents of culture. We are familiar with the idea of commercial travellers—why not as many cultural travellers? The British Council has made a beginning, but though its work is appreciated abroad (in Paris it has earned immense goodwill), at home it is misunderstood, despised and starved of funds and staff. At the present stage of historical development, who can doubt that a British Institute in a foreign capital may well have a more important function to serve than a British Embassy?

HERBERT READ in *The Listener*

Americans!

G.I.s visiting Paris want to see the Eiffel Tower, the Folies Bergère, and Pablo Picasso. Their interest in art generally and Picasso in particular has astonished art dealers, Artist Picasso and the Red Cross, which handles their entertainment requests.

They first find their way to Picasso's huge, messy duplex studio at No. 7 rue des Grands Augustins where two cherubic-looking 9th Air Force sergeants, French phrase books clutched in their hands, Gerland Goldner and Eugene van Sant, clattered in with a musette bag full of gifts. They dumped their presents happily on to a canvas which lay on the table—a Paris street scene which would probably later sell for 150,000 francs (£3,000). Picasso was delighted. He admired the K rations and the Velvet tobacco, kissed van Sant on both cheeks.

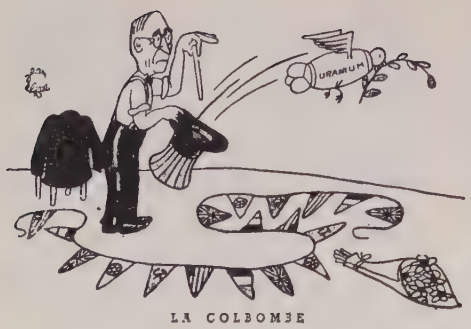
Since then the Red Cross has been running tours to the studio. Hundreds of G.I.s have heard that Picasso is a swell guy and that he can be seen any morning between eleven and one. Picasso, who cherishes his morning salons and prefers his conversations in French and Spanish, finally began to feel like an exhibit in a zoo. And he got sick and tired of K rations. So he called a halt. Said the Red Cross: 'We don't know what to do. All the boys want to see him. We just give them his address and tell them to try to get in on their own!'

Just Big Kids

ONE afternoon when Picasso wanted to choose his own company or have none at all, three G.I.s, all bashful smiles and no French, arrived. Picasso let them have a look around his studio, then tried to make them understand that he was busy. They still made no move to leave. So, said Picasso, 'I gave them a toy I had on my table . . . a little box with a glass top and inside a few tiny balls that you keep rolling around until they drop in their sockets to make a pattern. . . . I went on with my work. All afternoon the soldiers huddled together on three stools, playing with that little boy's game. When I was ready to go out myself, I had to show them that they must leave too. Just big kids.'

Picasso's favourite soldier gift came last summer from an art student in a combat unit then fighting south east of Paris. The soldier motorcycled in to see the artist. Picasso gave him a bath and a drink. The soldier noticed an empty coffee tin on the table; Picasso confessed that he liked coffee but couldn't get it. The soldier ran downstairs, climbed on his motorbyke, lit out for the front. In a couple of hours he was back with a big tin of coffee.

Even if they cannot see Picasso now, the G.I.s in Paris can, and do, buy prints of his pictures. A Quai Saint Michel shopkeeper said that he sold American soldiers from one to six Picasso prints a day. (Next in order of popularity: Matisse, Gauguin, Bonnard, Goya, Toulouse-Lautrec.) 'I am surprised,' he said. 'They know a lot about painting, just as much as the Germans, if not more.' The prints and etchings range from 300 ($6) to 5,000 francs ($100), and the average G.I. collector spends 1,500 ($30). *Time*



LA COLBOMBE

CARREFOUR

England, 1945

JUNE 1940. I had left France aboard the French destroyer *Flore*, which carried me to England, furrowing its way through the sea like a mighty plough. Behind us Dunkirk was crumbling in flames, symbol of our martyred motherland, ablaze in the last rays of her ancient glory. . . .

England. How bitter England seemed to me then, as we landed, bringing with us our broken dreams. In Plymouth the naval officers gave us their beds and they themselves slept on the ground so that we might rest more comfortably. I cannot forget that night when I told them something they would not believe: that there was in France a small set of traitors who were ready to unite with the enemy against our brothers in arms. They shook their heads in doubt: they did not want to believe me.

England . . . 1945 . . . Yes, we are in 1945 . . . I have been back, no longer one of the vanquished, no longer the bearer of sad prophecies. When I speak I can look at you face to face now. We have done our best; we have deserved your friendship; we have sacrificed our best children for the common cause. I have been back to England. My heart has not changed nor has the meaning of my words.

For my welcome I found a wounded city. I did not know that I loved London. A week before my journey I would still have spoken of London with detachment. Coming from France, my thoughts were centred on my friends here rather than on houses. And I thought I had become indifferent to ruins; I had seen so many of them in my own country that it had become well nigh boring to speak about them. . . . Yet it is odd; why is it that tears filled my eyes? I did not know I felt so sentimental about London. I had been here so many times before. Yet it upset me that the house I lived in, in 1926—was it 1926? . . . anyway a turning point in my life—should have completely disappeared. . . . There is nothing of it left but the cellars, reminiscent of the ruins of Pompeii. I could not help it; it seems that I did not know it, but the thought of London was poignantly alive in my heart. . . .

Ah! Let us turn our minds to other thoughts. . . . There were some things about which it was understood one did not speak. . . . In London sudden death struck from the sky, yet not a sentence was left unfinished, not an eyelid flickered. . . . In London misfortune and death were immediately reduced to their true proportions. The ruins have all been neatly cleared away. Little wooden fences like those one sees in the country enclose the bombed sites. . . . In London wounds seem to heal quickly; it would seem that the earth, under its sheet of soot and brick dust, must be very healthy. . . . More than its suffering, London's dignity moved me. I did not know that I had such affection for London, but now I know why I have. This time all that we have suffered, both you and we, must not have been in vain. Both in your country and in ours we must no longer tolerate incredulity in the face of threats and perils which are the same for London as for Paris. It is not sufficient to weep for every heart that has been broken or for every house which has been destroyed. I have learned how dear London is to me; I have learned also how dear Paris is to me; and whether in London or Paris our tears are mingled with the same sacred wrath. But, my English friends, you who would not believe me in June 1940, will you listen to me now in 1945; will you believe me this time when I tell you that we cannot, that we must never forgive?

LOUIS ARAGON in *Tricolore*

Heavy-weight Uniform

THE Bey of Tunis did not assist at the air exhibition at Longchamp. Worn out by the military parade of the 14th July, he was obliged to excuse himself. To do honour to the French Army the Bey had donned his full dress uniform, with gold, diamonds and decorations set off with precious stones, which before the war was worth 20 million francs and which weighs nearly 40 pounds. Standing stiffly and impeccably to attention, under a broiling sun, the Bey gave throughout the review a fine example of stoicism. But before the march-past had finished he excused himself and obtained from the Master of Ceremonies an authorisation to sit down.

France

O, Malheur!

PRISONERS, on arrival at Fresnes Prison, where Laval was, are transported from the railway station by bus. There was a story current in Paris of a little, inoffensive man who got into the prisoners' bus by mistake and spent two months in Fresnes before he could convince the prison authorities that a mistake had been made.

Daily Telegraph

Progress

ON the eve of Bastille Day (July 14) the French Government made a revolutionary announcement: the guillotine which, like military conscription, is one of the fruits of the French Revolution, is about to go the way of the *auto-da-fe* as an instrument of human justice. Henceforth condemned Frenchmen will not have to lie down and bare their necks to the falling knife; they may, as soon as transportation and the French electric-power shortage permit, sit down in a shiny new, U.S.-made electric chair.

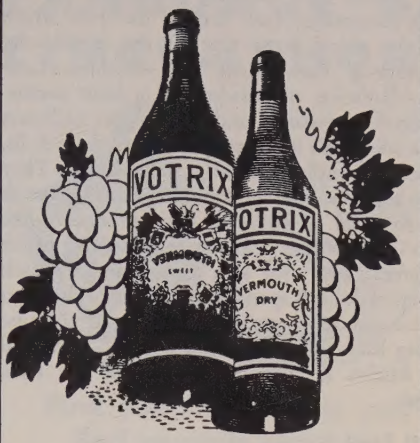
'Les Enfants du Paradis'

ALL Paris is flocking to see the latest French film 'Les Enfants du Paradis', or the 'Spectators in the Gallery', the gallery in this case being that of the old Paris theatre known as '*le Théâtre des Funambules*'. The latter, which became particularly famous at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was situated in the 'Boulevard du Crime', contemporary name for what is now known as the 'Boulevard du Temple'. Strict police regulations controlled the various types of performances in which different theatres specialised and the '*Théâtre des Funambules*' performed pantomimes only.

The film tells the life-story of one of the greatest mimes who acted there, Baptiste Debureau. Born in 1706, he roamed across Europe with his parents, who were travelling actors, and later went to Paris. Another character in the film is Frederick Lemaître, the French actor who created the parts of Ruy Blas and Othello at a time when the growth of the Romantic Movement was the cause of intellectual pitched battles, like the one fought at the first performance of '*Hernani*'.

Marcel Carné—who produced '*Quai des Brumes*' and '*Le Jour se lève*'—is the producer of '*Les Enfants du Paradis*'. The script was written, the music composed and models for the sets made during the occupation . . . the script writer and the composer being kept under watch by the Gestapo the whole while.

Tricolore



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Théâtre de la Mode

To present their summer collections, the big Paris dressmakers have dressed 500 dolls which will be going on a tour of the world—the itinerary is Paris—New York—Sydney—London—Paris—as ambassadors of *la haute couture*. Thirty-five *couturiers* and twenty-five milliners have taken part in the preparation of these dolls, which each measure about 32 ins. in height. They have been on show for a month at the *Théâtre de Marsan*, and well-known Paris producers like Jean Cocteau have helped in the designing of the different 'sets' used as a background for each group of dolls. A special section of the exhibition is devoted to a retrospect of French costume going back to the sixteenth century, organised by Michel de Brunhoff, editor of the Paris *Vogue*.

Taxi! Taxi!

'As from the end of June, taxis will be available in Paris' said an official announcement. . . . Sighs of relief, hopeful expectation tinged with a little incredulity were the reactions amongst Parisians. Then came the details: one hundred taxis are going to be put on the road again, but they will not line up at the taxi rank near Richelieu-Drout, or cruise along the boulevards to pick up belated cinema-goers. . . . Oh no! There will be one outside every police station in Paris—there are a hundred police stations in the city. Before the driver will accept you as a customer, you will have to show your papers, proving that you are either a doctor or a midwife, or that you are desperately ill—at death's door in fact. Only then will he bring out one of the three log books in which he must keep a record of each trip, and before you start, he will have to get permission from the *commissaire de police*. In any case, the fares are quite high, and a short run from the Bastile to the Etoile will cost you in the neighbourhood of 8 or 9 shillings, and a run in the Bois round about £1.

One hundred taxis in a city which used to have round about 14,000. . . .

Tricolore

Oh, the Difference!

In France's austere Consultative Assembly last week, Resistance Leader Robert Pimienta argued that women should have the same right as men to become Justices. 'After all,' he said, 'in all the callings of this life there is but little difference between man and women.'

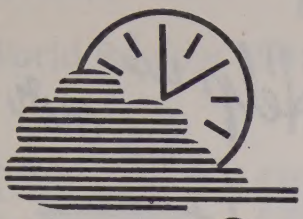
Voices from the back benches: '*Très bien pour la petite différence*! Hurrah for the little difference!' French Assembly members, male and female, cheered lustily.

Time

France Can Lead a New Humanism!

I would like to be able to analyse the exhilaration which for eight weeks after leaving Paris I continued to feel, and the absence of which I now deplore. It was partly a sense of liberation, of getting out of the exhausted London atmosphere into a country where the war was felt to be over, and where individuals were their natural size, neither inflated with office nor shrunken with worry. It was partly returning to a world of ideas. For the English literary world is not a world of ideas but of personalities, a world of clubs and honours and ancestor-worship and engagement-books, where a writer one wants to meet has to be hunted for several weeks until he is finally corralled at bay under some formidable mantelpiece. But French writers are not pompous: in everything but ideas they travel light; intelligence flows through them like a fast river and is not always being silted up by accretions of the personality, by sales, honours, habits, social and official positions. And they have no B.B.C. On the whole the present literary world of Paris is young and poor, and its experiences in the Resistance have made it both generous and brave. I think if I were to sum up its message in the way in which nearly every English visitor has felt it, it would be something like this: Don't worry. It's all right. Everything you love is still here. The ideas, buildings, books, and pictures, the wine, the people, the trees. And they won't run away. Art and life are beginning again. The European orchestra is tuning up, and its members are as pleased to see us as we are to be with them; the freemasonry of the intellect is at work and a new humanism is being born. For what our world now most needs is a positive and adult humanism. America could give it, but she is too money-bound and machine-dry; Russia lacks the sentiment of individual liberty; England is too bureaucratised and war-weary. We have added the adjective 'bloody-minded' to our language, and must rest our laurels on that. But France has known the tyrant, and been set free before the knowledge destroyed her. France alone, if she can survive an acute attack of nationalism, is capable of a bloodless 1789, of a new proclamation to the world of the old truths that life is meant to be lived and that liberty is its natural temperature; that brains are to be used and beauty to be worshipped, and that human beings (the only animals who can laugh) are intended to be happy.

CYRIL CONNOLLY
in *Horizon*



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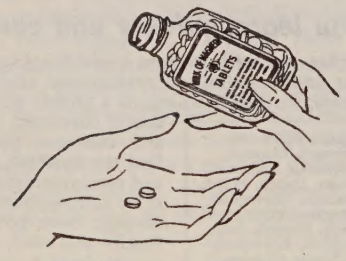

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